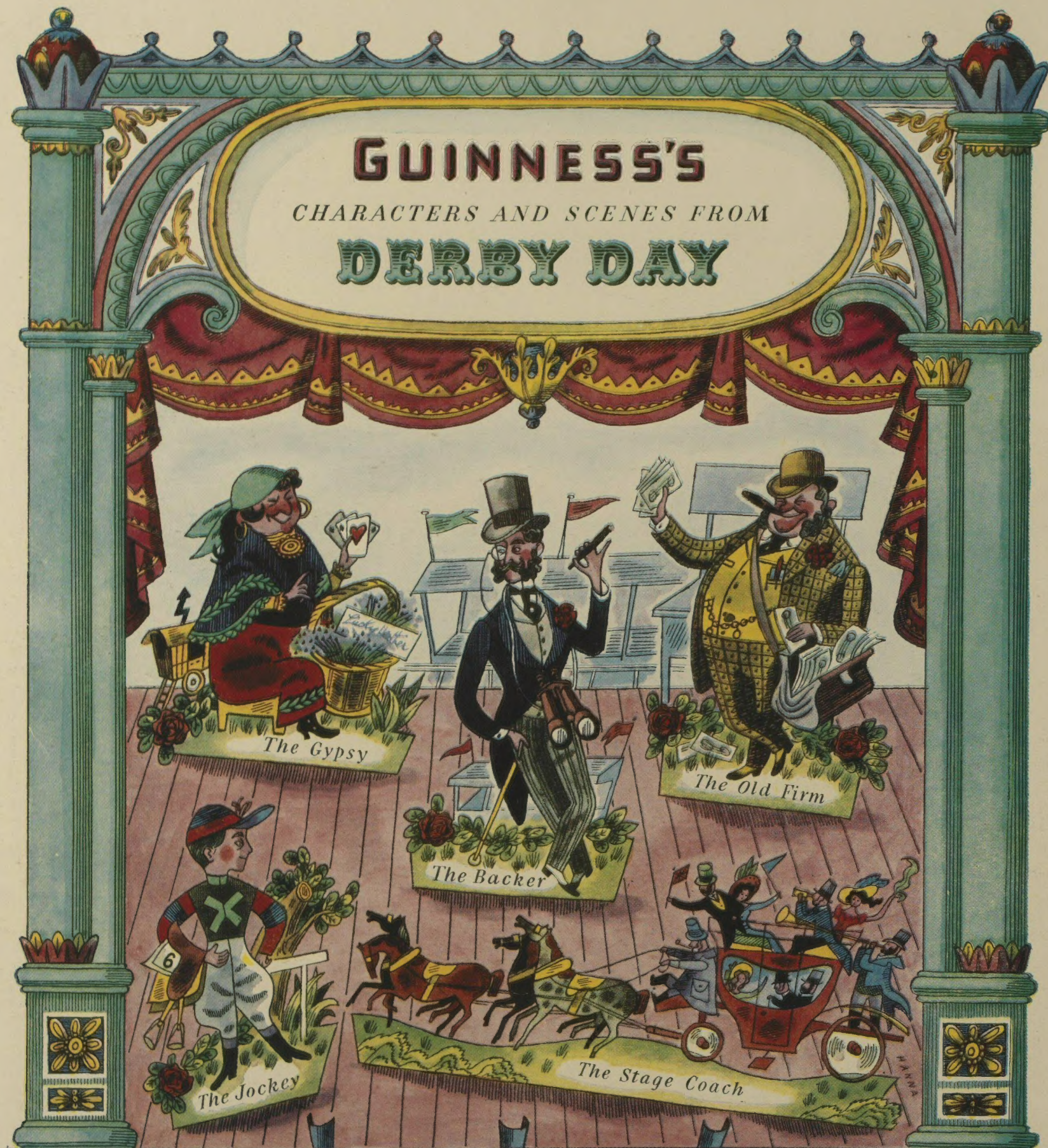


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



EXHIBITION NUMBER





GYPSY: Cross my hand with silver, ducky.  
'Course this lucky heather's lucky!

JOCKEY: One thing certain of a win is  
Strength—by Goodness out of Guinness.

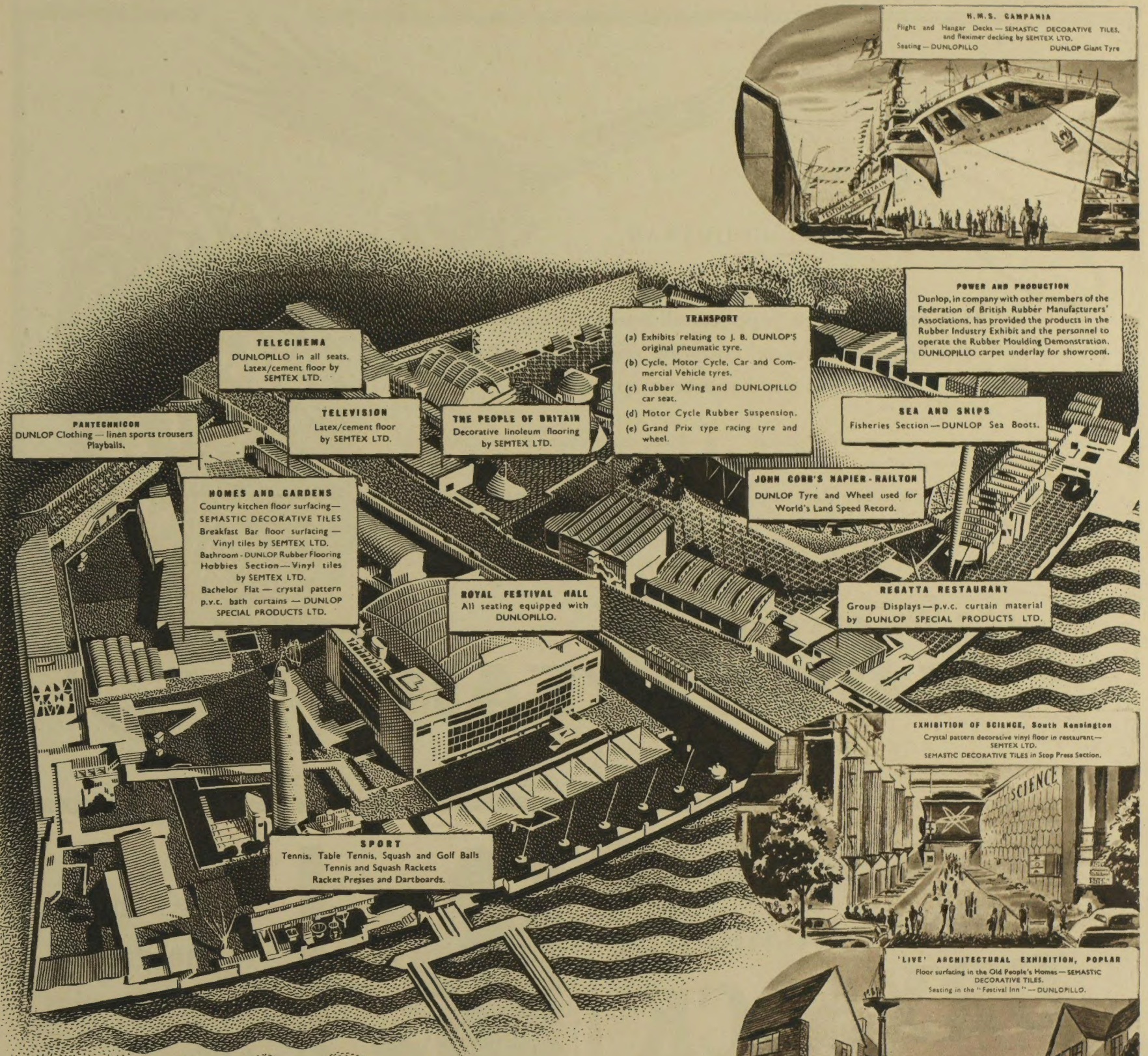
BACKER: Goodness—that's a thing I fancy.

BOOKIE: You're not out for something chancy—  
Guinness always gets a place;

ALL: On Derby Day we need a brace.







# DUNLOP

## Contributions to

## THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN

Dunlop contributions to the South Bank and other Festival Exhibitions mentioned in this announcement are either exhibits selected by the Festival Authorities or contracts carried out by the Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd. and its Associated Companies.

An exhibition "British Achievements Made Possible by Dunlop", to which all members of the public are cordially invited, is to be held at the Dunlop Showrooms at 19/20 New Bond Street, W.1 during the Festival.

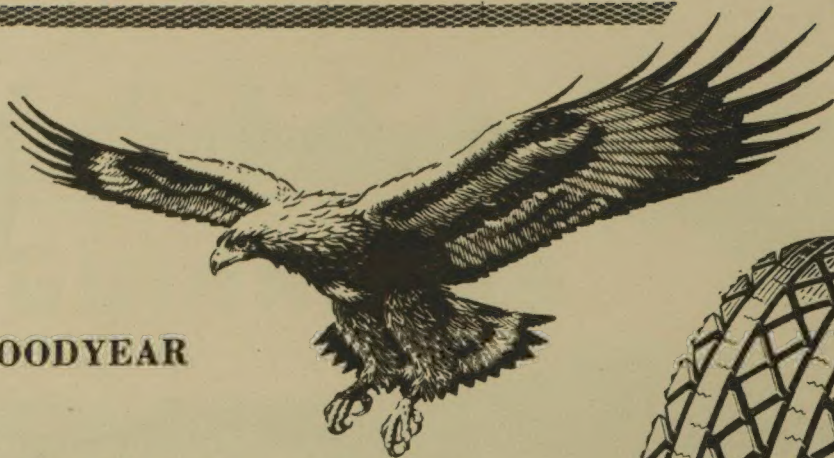




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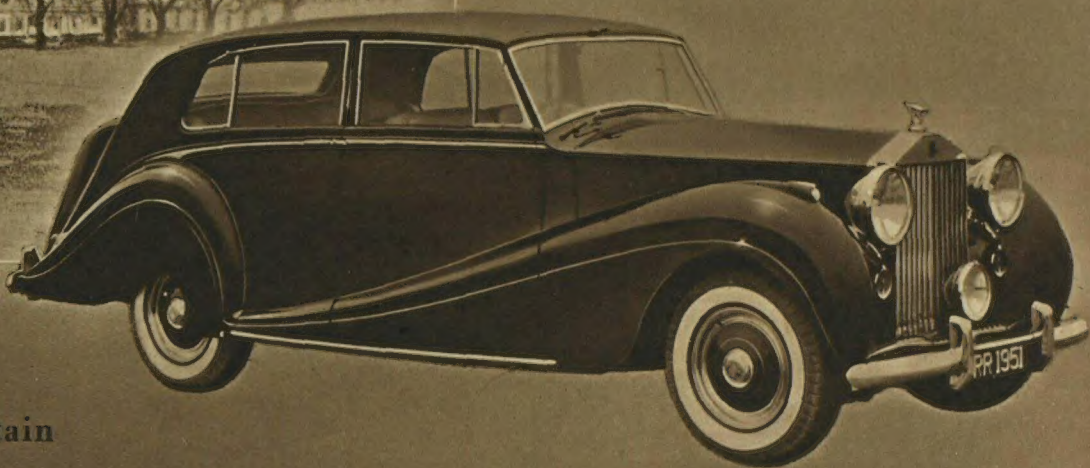


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Car all right?

"Yes, petrol, oil, tyres, radiator—everything checked."

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To be ready for that moment, have your brakes checked *regularly*. Adjustment, if needed, is simple. When at last they need relining, follow your repairer's advice to fit Ferodo linings—standard on most British vehicles, supplied in correct grades for *every* make in the world.

Here's a reminder of two jobs together: **Test your brakes when you change your oil — every 2,000-3,000 miles.**

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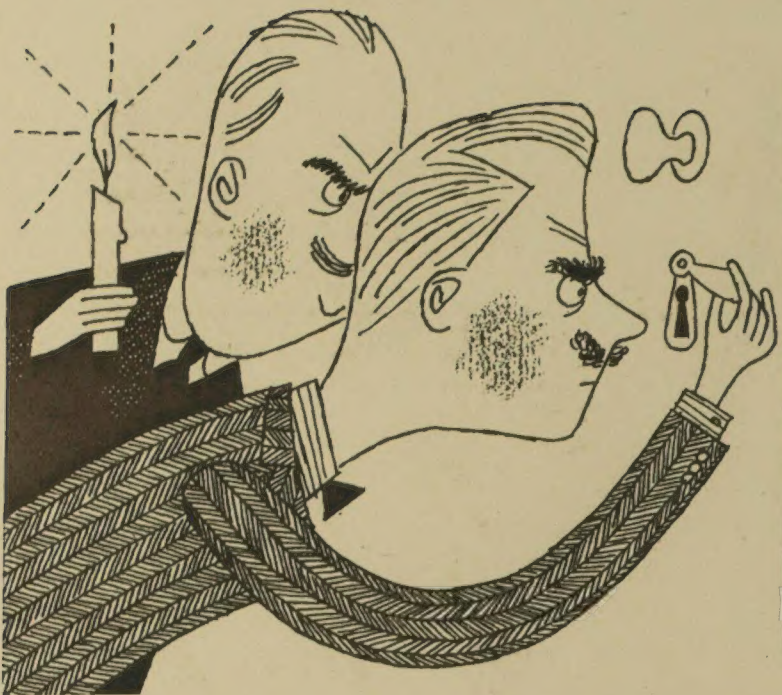
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## RUN DOWN?

How a course of  
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DO YOU FEEL half-alive, depressed, always tired? Then beware—your body cells may be starved of phosphorus and amino-acids. Every cell in the body, especially brain tissue, must have phosphorus. Without amino-acids you die. Normally, your body extracts these from meat, etc., but such foods are scarcest today. If you do not take enough of them, you become tired, fagged out, miserable in mind and body.

#### What Sanatogen Does

Sanatogen is a compound of organic phosphorus and concentrated protein, containing *all* essential amino-acids. Sanatogen restores wasted cells, helps create strong rich blood and builds strong body and nerve tissue. Sanatogen is the only tonic providing a high proportion of concentrated protein combined with phosphorus in a form so easily assimilated by your body.

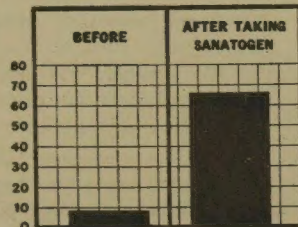
Like refilling an empty reservoir, restorative action needs time. You should take Sanatogen three times daily for eight weeks.

Then see your health return! As your body recovers strength you become your happy young self again, radiant with vitality and blessed with abundant energy. From all chemists: 4 oz. 6/3d; 8 oz. 11/8d; 2 lb. 40/-.



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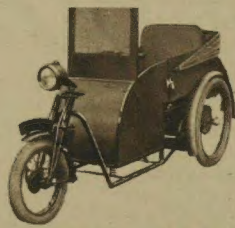
Tests on a group of workers showed that they had only 8% energy left after a day's work. After only a fortnight on Sanatogen, a hard day's work left them with 66% of their energy unused.



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Praised by over 25,000 doctors in the past 50 years  
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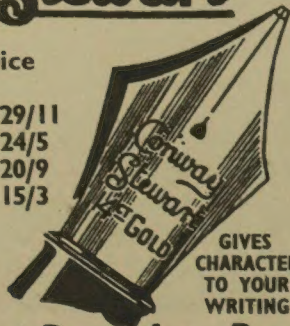
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## We've solved some problems in our time!

¶ WANTED—an unspillable aircraft battery. That was 1916. On the western front, British artillery observation pilots, harried by enemy fighters, were learning new evasive manoeuvres in a very hard school. With them, right way up or upside down, went the batteries used for W/T communication with the gunners below. Every so often, inverted batteries lost their acid and put the wireless transmitters out of action.

¶ Chloride Batteries solved that problem quickly—and finally. A battery with each of its necessary gas vents constructed in the form of compartments within compartments, so as to make an acid trap, was soon in action: the first truly non-spillable battery, and the forerunner of every such battery made since.

¶ For more than half a century, each year has brought its quota of problems to this company. In industry, transport and communications here and abroad, we can point to tens of thousands of our Chloride, Exide and Exide-Ironclad Batteries each giving satisfactory service in the special job for which we were asked to design and produce it. Those are answers which time has proved to be right.

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BATTERIES LIMITED

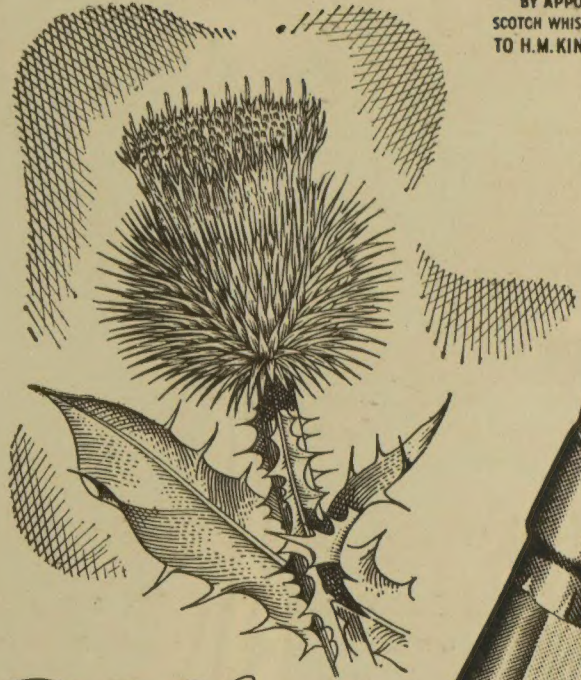
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**GOLFING NEWS**



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MORE COMPACT

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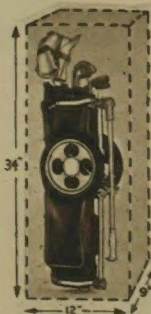
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into standard 12" locker, or car. Simple press-stud action, no bolts or screws to get lost. Handle folds down, closed in 6 seconds. Handle adjustable for correct balance. Engineered in strong dural aluminium yet total weight only 10½ lbs. Perfect balance is further ensured by the three-point 25-in. **INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION** (each wheel independently sprung). Available with pneumatic or air-cushioned Dunlop 12 in. x 1½ in. tyres. **GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS.**

But it will nourishes t get along all! Apparen adopted tl approach l so many i indulging i which gets of their let' swing, with ing uncert hope in the again intc position. 'dervish' at middle-age appears to in this co of the mi restricted understand best of thin short appe forgets to p golf

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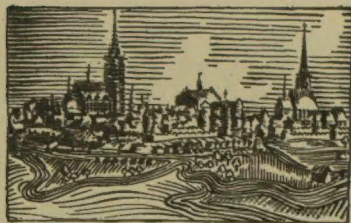
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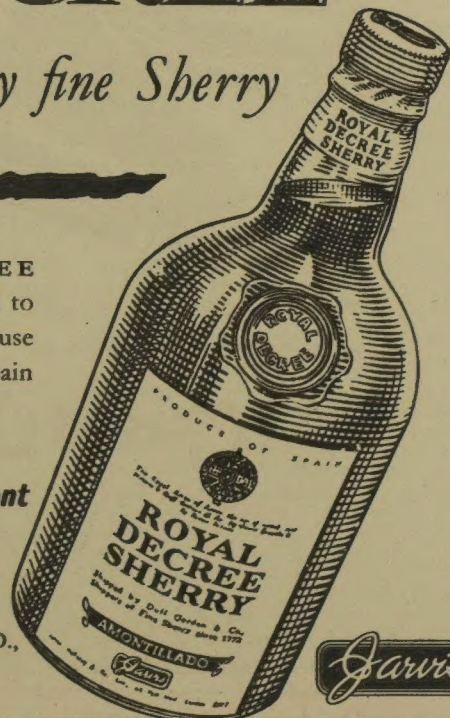
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*A very fine Sherry*



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in 1772.

From your wine merchant  
**20/- Full size bottle**

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giving away some litres

You're a very moderate driver — so you always say. There's no hurry, 40 gets you there as quickly as 60.

But then, as that bigger-engined car bundles past, something in you puts more pressure on the throttle. The Javelin responds instantly. You re-pass.

But you've taken on a powerful opponent. You sit a little straighter in your seat — glance in the driving mirror. Yes, he's there.

You're cruising fast now, snicking into top after maximum in third. And you love the way she behaves. Gripping the corners as if on rails.

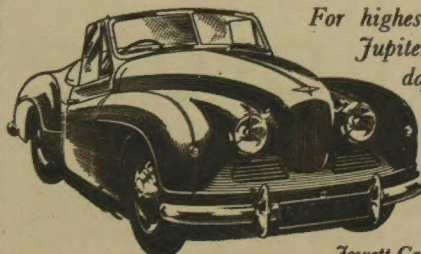
Nearly flat-out and perfectly in control — wheel rock-steady; brakes seeming just to suck you back and the torsion bar suspension cushioning the road.

You keep it up for quite a time. But on the straight he passes you finally. You knew he would, but you're happy — with a 1½ litre family saloon you held all his litres. And that little bit of fun didn't run away with your petrol — the Javelin's an economical car even at speed.

This car is a waste of money if you don't care what a car does. There's such a lot built into it that doesn't really show until you have it in your hands — performance, comfort and 30 m.p.g.

Top speed, electrically timed, 78 m.p.h. Acceleration 0-60 m.p.h. in 22.2 secs. ("The Motor" Road Test.) Horizontally opposed flat-four 50 B.H.P. Engine. Javelin saloon £635 plus purchase tax. Javelin saloon de luxe £735 plus purchase tax.

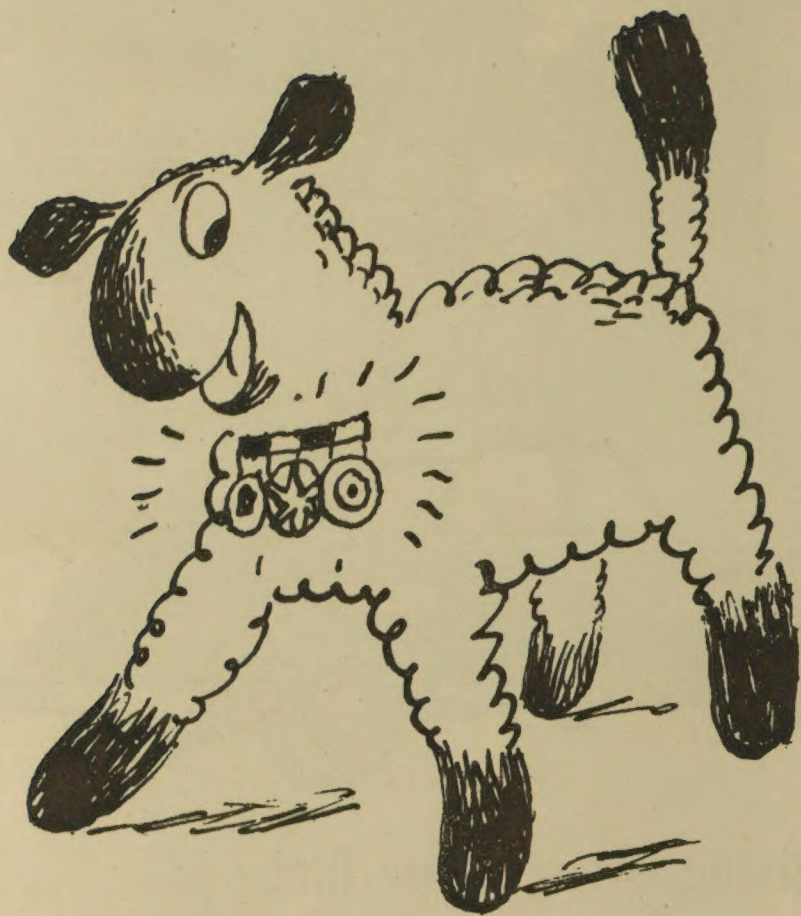
1½ litre  
**JOWETT JAVELIN**  
*take a good look when it passes you*



For highest performance there's the Jowett Jupiter. This convertible will cruise all day at 70 m.p.h., and reach 90. It broke the 1½ litre class record Le Mans 1950; won its class Monte Carlo Rally 1951.

Jowett Cars Limited. Idle, Bradford, Yorkshire





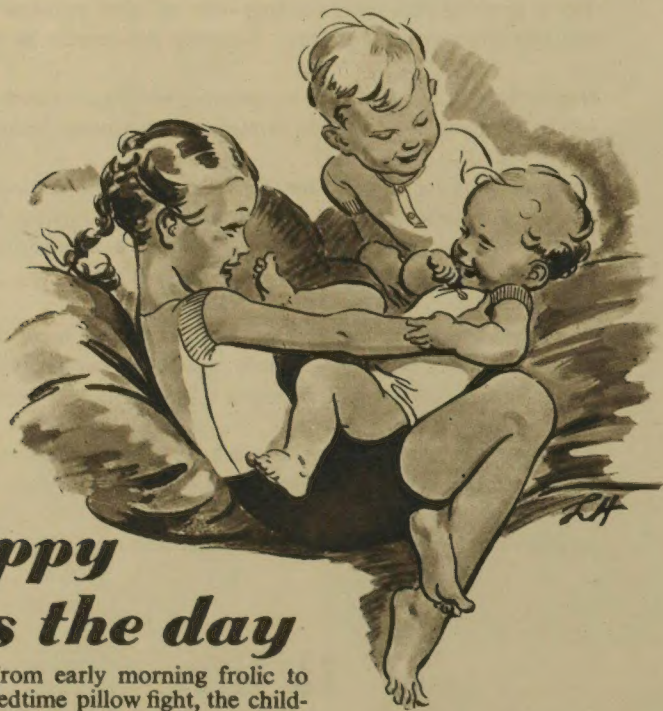
## For long service!

This Scotch Blackfaced sheep is honoured for the toughness of his wool. It goes, blended with other fine wools, to put the long-living bounce into BMK carpets. They are woven with Kilmarnock craftsmanship on modern looms, permanently mothproofed — and then given the distinction of the BMK label. And that's worth looking for!



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CVS-35



**EXQUISITE**

Gaily coloured members of the *Nymphalidae* family of South American butterflies clustered on the flowers of a Giant Saguaro cactus.

**IMPERIAL**  **LEATHER**

*The Toilet Luxuries of  
Exquisite Character*

**Cussons**





BY APPOINTMENT  
MOTOR BODY BUILDERS TO H.M. THE KING  
HOOPER AND COMPANY (COACHBUILDERS) LIMITED

## Nature makes an exception . . .

Like the pearl, the strangely beautiful figuring of ice birch veneer, reproduced here as background, occurs only when Nature varies her routine, and such variations are rare indeed. Along with the more familiar beauties of walnut curl and birdseye maple the loveliness of ice birch rewards the builders of Hooper bodies, as well as their owners, with that complete satisfaction which only the perfect can offer. Such complete perfection is perhaps the prerogative of Nature alone, but there is, too, a perfection of craftsmanship—a perfection that finds one of its finest expressions in the best English coachwork. In the making of a Hooper body, for example, where quality is the only criterion, every wing and panel is almost

caressed into shape, every skin used in upholstery is individually selected and minutely examined, coat after coat of paint is applied until hue and tone satisfy the craftsman's eye, and polishing is continued until polishing can do no more. . . . It is this never-ending search for something better—the flawless material, the impeccable design—that has produced, too, a composite construction uniting the tough resilience of seasoned English ash with the resistant qualities of light alloy. And it is to achieve a car which is the exact expression of individual choice that even the seating of each Hooper body is designed and tailored to suit the owner's personal preference.



## HOOPER *Uncommonly fine coachwork*



Hooper Sedan, Design No. 8267  
Daimler 150 B.H.P. straight eight

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1951.



THE POPULARITY OF THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION MADE EVIDENT: CROWDS PATIENTLY WAITING TO ENTER THE LARGEST DOME IN THE WORLD, THE DOME OF DISCOVERY, ON WHIT MONDAY.

Although a bitterly cold wind blew all day on Whit Monday, the South Bank Exhibition and the Fun Fair at Battersea proved such powerful magnets to the holiday-makers that record attendances were attained. Twice on Whit Monday the entrance to the Dome of Discovery at the South Bank Exhibition had to be

closed in order that the gallery, where the congestion inside the Dome was greatest, could be cleared a little. Extra police had to be called to deal with the queues which formed outside, where, at one time, about 5000 people were waiting in a three-pronged queue at the main entrance.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE Festival Exhibition on the South Bank has as its theme the story of Britain and the British people, and the record of their joint achievements and accomplishments. It is curious that at the time of our greatest complacency as a nation—in 1851, the very heyday of Podsnappery—we should have staged a great Exhibition to portray the achievements and accomplishments of the whole world, and, in 1951, at the end of a long and calamitous, if victorious, epoch of self-doubting and while we were still mainly ruled, both in politics and in the arts, by men who had risen to power and fame by denigrating the accepted British tradition, we should have staged what at first sight appears to be an exhibition of insular self-congratulation. It is the kind of paradox that would have delighted my predecessor on this page. It is one which also affords a certain amount of sober satisfaction to a writer who for the past quarter of a century, during most of which time it has been most unfashionable and unpopular to do so, has maintained that a nation which ceased to drink from the well of its own tradition was a nation which would presently find itself very thirsty and ultimately, if it persisted in a course so foolish, perish of drought and erosion.

Let me, however, start by admitting that there were very good reasons for the reaction against the British tradition which is so paradoxically associated with the careers and public utterances of most of the promoters of the present exhibitions, and, indeed, of the whole generation of which they are, *in excelsis*, the successful representatives. The British tradition, when I was a boy, though to outward appearance still strongly in the ascendant, was represented for the most part by a possessing class with many virtues but sadly lacking in imagination and took of sympathy. They thought that tradition completely for granted, and in two great wars since fought completely and heroically sacrificed themselves, their dearest kith and kin, and their accumulated treasure in its defence. But they failed to make it comprehensible to others less fortunate in their inherited share of it or even—and this was perhaps at the root of their failure—to themselves. They repeated parrot phrases about "wider yet and wider," "the white man's burden," "the price of Admiralty," "for King and Country," and the like, without giving themselves the trouble of thinking out their meaning for themselves, and for those whom, living a hand-to-mouth

existence in dreary slums, or treated, however benevolently, as men and women of inferior race or caste, they expected to share their own unquestioning and deeply-rooted faith. They presented to others, including often their own children, the appearance—to use a modern and telling phrase—of "boiled shirts." To the cynical onlooker and outsider, viewing the high autumnal pomps of Edwardian patriotism, there appeared to be nothing behind the "boiled shirts" and glittering decorations but pampered and well-cushioned flesh. Courage, faith, love, sacrifice—the virtues these symbols were meant to enshrine—were presumed non-existent; there seemed to be nothing but an inflated bubble filled with air. How unjust this assumption was can be seen in retrospect by the casualty lists of two world wars and the unresisting and almost uncomplaining surrender, in the course of three decades, at the altar of patriotism, of privileges and possessions greater than those of any ruling class in recorded history. But at the time the assumption was made it seemed reasonable enough. The traditional rulers of England to those outside their pale—and it was a very distinct one—appeared, for all their joviality and good nature, so over-fed, over-dressed, over-housed and, unthinkingly, platitudinous, that they and their tradition were in turn hated, mocked, despised and ultimately disregarded by the generation whose tastes and ideals were formed by such iconoclastic prophets as Wells and Shaw. We are still, nearly half a century later, suffering from the effect of that repudiation.

Yet the generations that turned their back on the English tradition because its representatives had lost their confidence, made a profound mistake. It might have been misrepresented and a little overlaid by easy living and unreflective formalism, but it was still in an imperfect world, where all excellence is comparative, about the best that man in his aggregate capacity had anywhere or at any time achieved. Deriving alike from the robust idealism of our Anglo-Saxon forbears and the noble Christian faith that softened and civilised it, as well as from a thousand years of peaceful and fruitful nurture, it was a tradition that was both valiant and gentle, disciplined and libertarian, resolute and humane. The young men, a little pompously called theme-conveners, who designed the Lion and Unicorn Pavilion at the South Bank Exhibition, heralding, it may be, a general return to faith in that temporarily discarded tradition—discarded, that is, by the ambitious and intellectual, though never wholly, it should be noted, by the simple and unassuming—seem, almost perhaps unconsciously, to have realised this. True, they have almost entirely ignored the contribution of Christianity to our history and national identity, and completely ignored the story of our people's martial heroism and discipline. In an Exhibition of Englishry that comprises so much, including a good deal that is probably

irrelevant and ephemeral, there is no mention, for instance, of the British Regiments of the Line or of the Brigade of Guards: institutions as unmistakably British and as far-reaching in their effect on our history and the world's as any of the achievements of the scientists and inventors so proudly displayed under the Dome of Discovery. But grave, indeed even a little ridiculous, as these omissions are, the purpose of the Exhibition as a whole is fine and wisely conceived, and its occasion most timely. It will do more, I believe, than anything else that has happened since the war to restore the nation to the true course of its genius and high destiny.

One example of what we have lost through our failure to retain that tradition as our guide during the past thirty-five years has been the futility of our foreign policy. In the past our ancestors governed their relations with other Powers by two great principles. One was that no one military Power should be allowed to dominate the Continent of Europe by force without encountering Britain's diplomatic, and if necessary—when

every other expedient had been tried to contain it—military resistance. The other was that the object of British diplomacy and war alike was international peace and confidence, and that no other end—total victory in war, pursuit of wealth, trade or ideology, or self-aggrandisement and expansion—could be allowed to compete with this: the most enduring of all British interests. During recent years we have lost sight of both these principles, and with the most fatal results. First we discarded the second in the blind fury with which we fought Germany down in two world wars, forgetting in our democratic fervour for victory that victory in battle was only a means to an end, and not an end in itself. Then, during the latter part of the second of those two wars and in the years immediately following it, we allowed our ill-informed and uncritical enthusiasm for an ally, and a not very grateful or gracious ally at that, to cause us to jettison our well-proved, long-tried reliance on the Balance of Power and to allow to Soviet Russia such a monopoly of armed might on the Continent of Europe as no other nation has ever possessed since England became a nation. The first of these mistakes has already cost us one needless and well-nigh fatal war; the second may well cost us another and even more serious one. Both arose directly from the fact that, though a few statesmen and Civil Servants might be wiser, those who controlled the country's destinies, including its newly-enfranchised democracy, were lacking in knowledge of its tradition. For the men at the wheel had temporarily lost the vessel's chart.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: A FESTIVAL TRAFFIC BLOCK.



LONDON IN 1851: AN AMUSING CONTEMPORARY DRAWING, ILLUSTRATING A TRAFFIC BLOCK IN PICCADILLY OCCASIONED BY THE RUSH TO HYDE PARK TO SEE THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Some idea of the popular enthusiasm aroused by the Great Exhibition of 1851 can be obtained from the contemporary drawing reproduced above. This lively representation of a scene in Piccadilly shows that the Victorian traffic problems could be quite as acute as those of to-day. A banner flying high over Piccadilly proclaims "Peace and Good Will to All the World. God Save the Queen and Prince Albert." A placard warns the crowd as they thrust their way towards Hyde Park to "Pray Go Back! All the roads leading to the Exhibition are Blocked Up!"; a sandwich man, who is literally fulfilling his calling, bears the tidings that "The Park is Full." Horse buses carry posters proclaiming that the fare to the Great Exhibition is 3d.—whether this comprises a single or return journey is not indicated. The placard (left foreground) appears to advertise a publication written by Henry Mayhew, the famous writer on London, and illustrated by the artist George Cruikshank. This interesting drawing was sent to us by one of our readers, who recently found it, while spring cleaning, among a collection of old papers.





QUEUEING TO GET INTO THE FUN FAIR AT BATTERSEA ON BANK HOLIDAY: THE SCENE AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON, SHOWING SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE WHO, UNDETERRED BY THE BITTER WEATHER, WAITED OUTSIDE THE TURNSTILES, HOPING TO JOIN IN THE FUN OF THE FAIR.



VIEWING THE FESTIVAL LIGHTS: PART OF THE GREAT CROWDS THAT FLOCKED TO THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT AT NIGHTFALL ON WHIT MONDAY TO SEE THE ILLUMINATIONS AT THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION. A RECORD CROWD OF 93,012 HAD VISITED THE EXHIBITION ON THAT DAY.

THE FESTIVAL EXHIBITION AS A WHIT MONDAY ATTRACTION: CROWDS AT BATTERSEA AND ON THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.

Despite the bitter weather on Whit Monday, the coldest since 1916, the South Bank Exhibition and the Fun Fair at Battersea attracted record crowds. When the Fun Fair was shut at 11 p.m., 75,860 people had paid to go in. At one time there was a queue two miles long at the entrance. At 10.30 p.m., when the

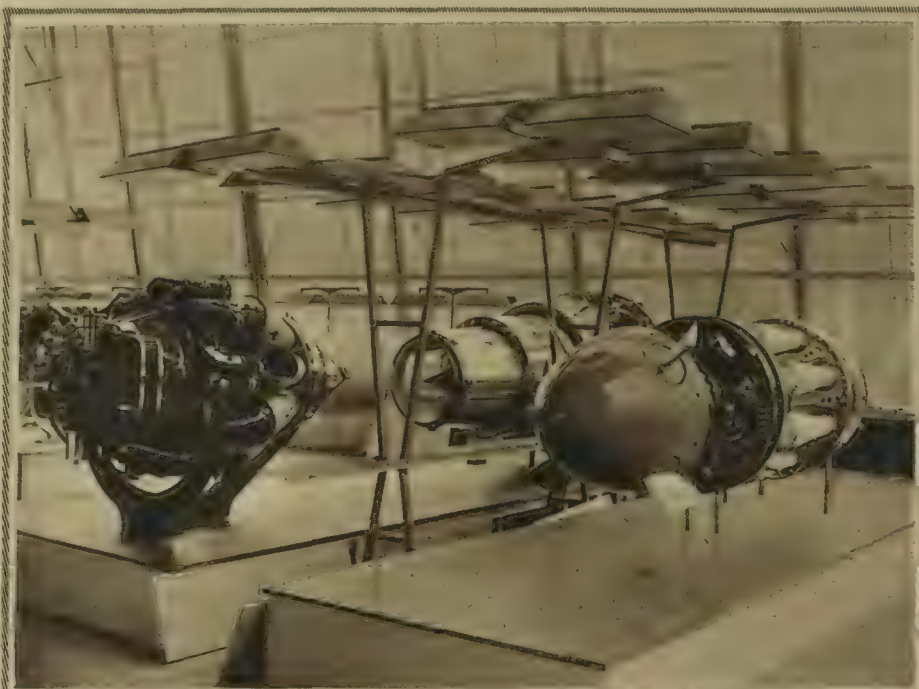
turnstiles closed at the South Bank Exhibition, the attendance had reached 93,012. During the evening the pavement of the Victoria Embankment opposite the South Bank Exhibition was thronged with holiday-makers viewing the illuminations, and many of the sightseers were taking photographs.



# BRITISH ACHIEVEMENT BY AIR AND LAND: "TRANSPORT AND COMMUNICATIONS" EXHIBITS.



ILLUSTRATING THE PROGRESS OF BRITISH AVIATION: SCALE MODELS OF AIRCRAFT OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN THE "TRANSPORT AND COMMUNICATIONS" PAVILION.



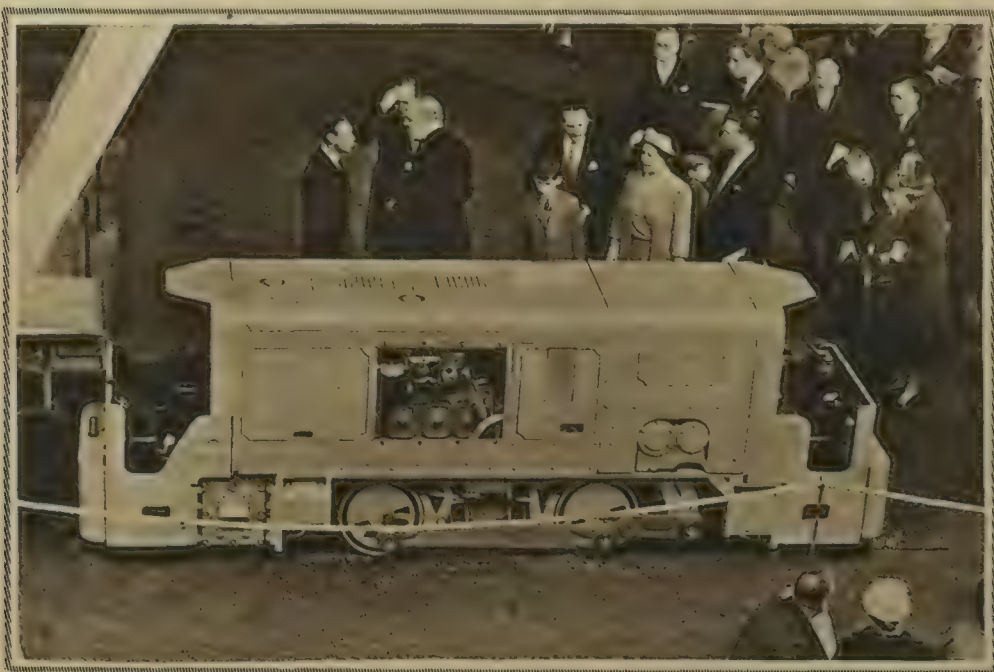
BRITISH AIRCRAFT ENGINES: (L. TO R.) THE ROLLS-ROYCE TURBO-JET AERO-ENGINE; THE DE HAVILLAND GHOST CENTRIFUGAL GAS TURBINE, AND THE BRISTOL PROTEUS PROPELLER GAS TURBINE.



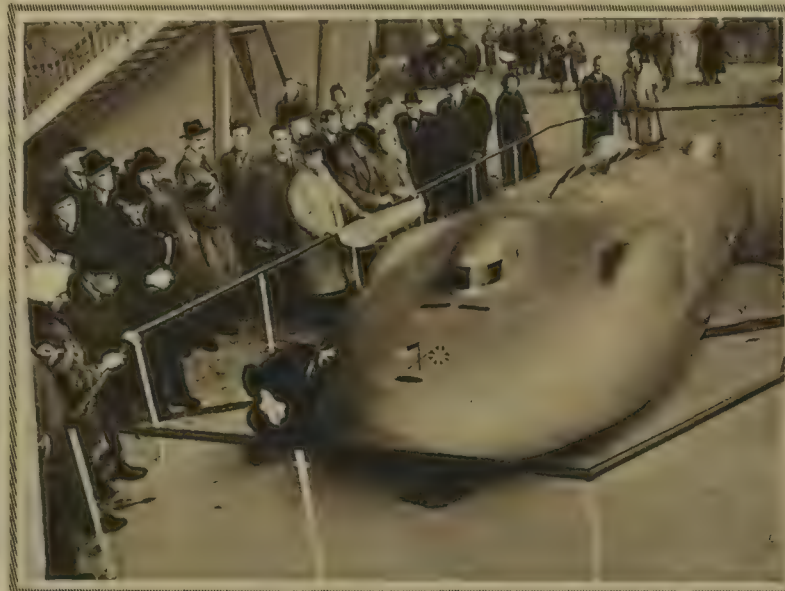
ONE OF THE BIGGEST SINGLE EXHIBITS IN THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION: A "W.G."-CLASS LOCOMOTIVE FOR THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS OUTSIDE THE TRANSPORT PAVILION.



TYPOIFYING THE WORK OF BRITISH ENGINEERS IN ESTABLISHING LOCOMOTIVE INDUSTRIES ABROAD: A BUDDICOM LOCOMOTIVE OF 1843 BROUGHT SPECIALLY FROM FRANCE FOR THE EXHIBITION.



LOOKING AT A MINIATURE G.P.O. ENGINE, USED ON THE POST OFFICE LONDON RAILWAY TO CARRY MAIL: T.M. THE KING AND QUEEN AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.



THE CAR WITH WHICH JOHN COBB HOLDS THE WORLD LAND SPEED RECORD: THE RAILTON SPECIAL; AND AN ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNG VISITOR.

The four methods of travel and transport—by rail, road, sea and air—provide the substance of the four main sections of the Transport and Communications Pavilion on the South Bank. Running like a spinal column through all four floors of the building is the story of communications. The story of Rail Transport, which is unfolded on the ground-floor section of the pavilion, covers the Permanent Way; the Locomotive; Rolling Stock; Braking; Signalling; Mails; Tickets and

Timetables and Research. The Road Transport section contains a special display of British achievement in motor racing and record-breaking. The Sea Transport section shows the development and operation of our mercantile marine. The development of British aircraft and aero-engines from the earliest days to the invention of the gas-turbine engine is fully illustrated in the Air Transport section, where examples of the latest turbo-jet and turbo-prop engines can be seen.





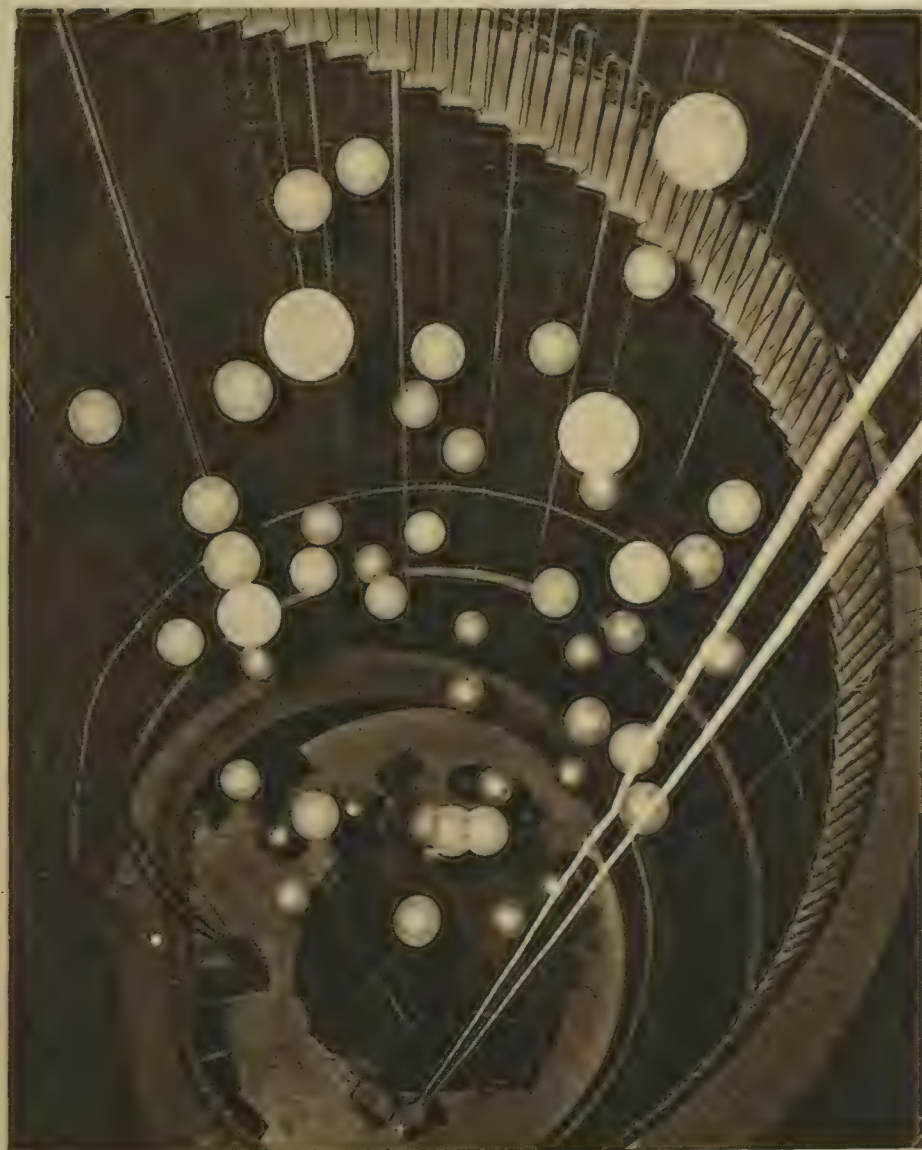
A TRIBUTE TO BRITISH NAVIGATORS AND HYDROGRAPHERS: THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE STERN OF CAPTAIN COOK'S SHIP *ENDEAVOUR* IN THE DOME OF DISCOVERY.



A TRIBUTE TO SIR ISAAC NEWTON IN THE "OUTER SPACE" GALLERY IN THE DOME OF DISCOVERY: THE EXHIBIT ILLUSTRATING HIS CONTRIBUTIONS TO ASTRONOMY.



IN THE "OUTER SPACE" GALLERY: A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE FAMOUS GREENWICH TIME BALL USED BY THAMES SHIPPING FOR REGULATING CHRONOMETERS.



WHERE MOLTEN LEAD WAS FORMERLY DROPPED TO FORM SHOT: THE INTERIOR OF THE SHOT TOWER IN THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION, DECORATED WITH SILVER GLOBES.

IN THE DOME OF DISCOVERY AND THE SHOT TOWER: BRITISH SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENT; AND GAY DECORATION.

The Dome of Discovery pays tribute to the genius of the British people in the realms of research and exploration. Among the exhibits in "The Sea" Gallery is a reconstruction of the stern of Captain Cook's ship *Endeavour*, in which he circumnavigated the coasts of New Zealand and surveyed the east coast of Australia. In the "Outer Space" gallery is a reconstruction of the famous

Greenwich Time Ball, which used to give a time check at one o'clock every day so that ships in the Thames could regulate their chronometers, and this exhibit leads the visitor on to the explorers of outer space—the astronomers, among whom Sir Isaac Newton takes an honoured place as the inventor of the calculus and of the first reflecting telescope.





THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY ARCTIC EXPEDITION, 1935-36: A DIORAMA OF A. R. GLEN'S ICE-CAP STATION, BENEATH THE SNOW, IN WHICH THE OBSERVERS LIVED FOR SEVERAL MONTHS.

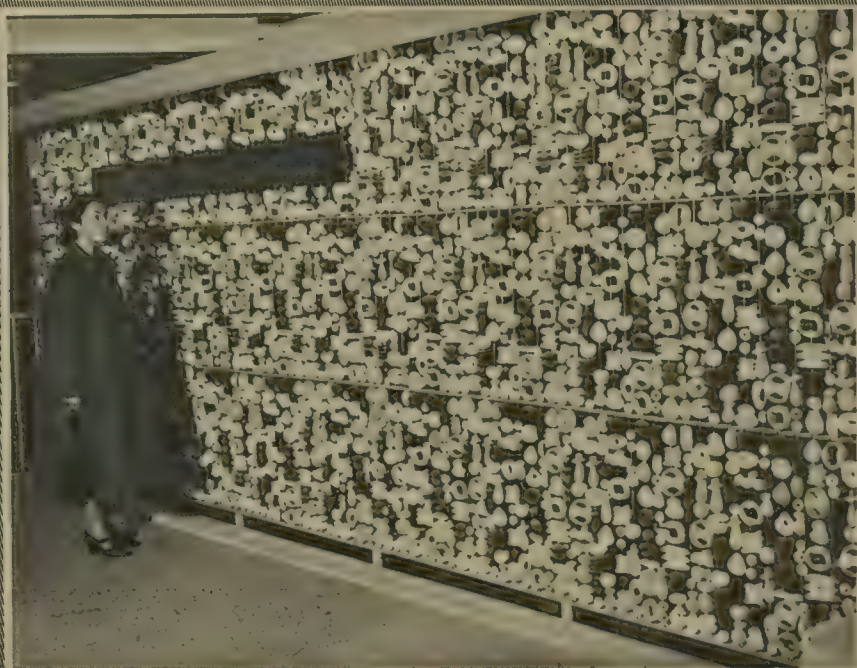
**IN THE DOME OF DISCOVERY AND "MINERALS OF THE ISLAND" PAVILION: MODELS, DÉCOR, AND A MURAL.**

AMONG the exhibits illustrating Polar exploration in the Dome of Discovery is the diorama of Glen's Ice-Cap station, which shows how it is possible to live below ground in the Arctic or Antarctic in contrast to the full-scale model (illustrated on page 845) of a typical Polar hut above ground. Also in the Dome may be seen the mural by Laurence Scarfe illustrated here (Physical World section) and the decorative screen of fossils in plaster (Living World section). In the "Minerals of the Island" Pavilion recent advances in coal-getting and its utilisation are shown.

"MINE-WORKINGS THROUGH THE AGES": AN EXHIBIT IN THE "MINERALS OF THE ISLAND" PAVILION OF COAL-MINING METHODS FROM PREHISTORIC TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY.



"NUCLEAR PHYSICS LABORATORY, HARWELL": A MURAL BY LAURENCE SCARFE IN THE "PHYSICAL WORLD" SECTION OF THE DOME OF DISCOVERY.

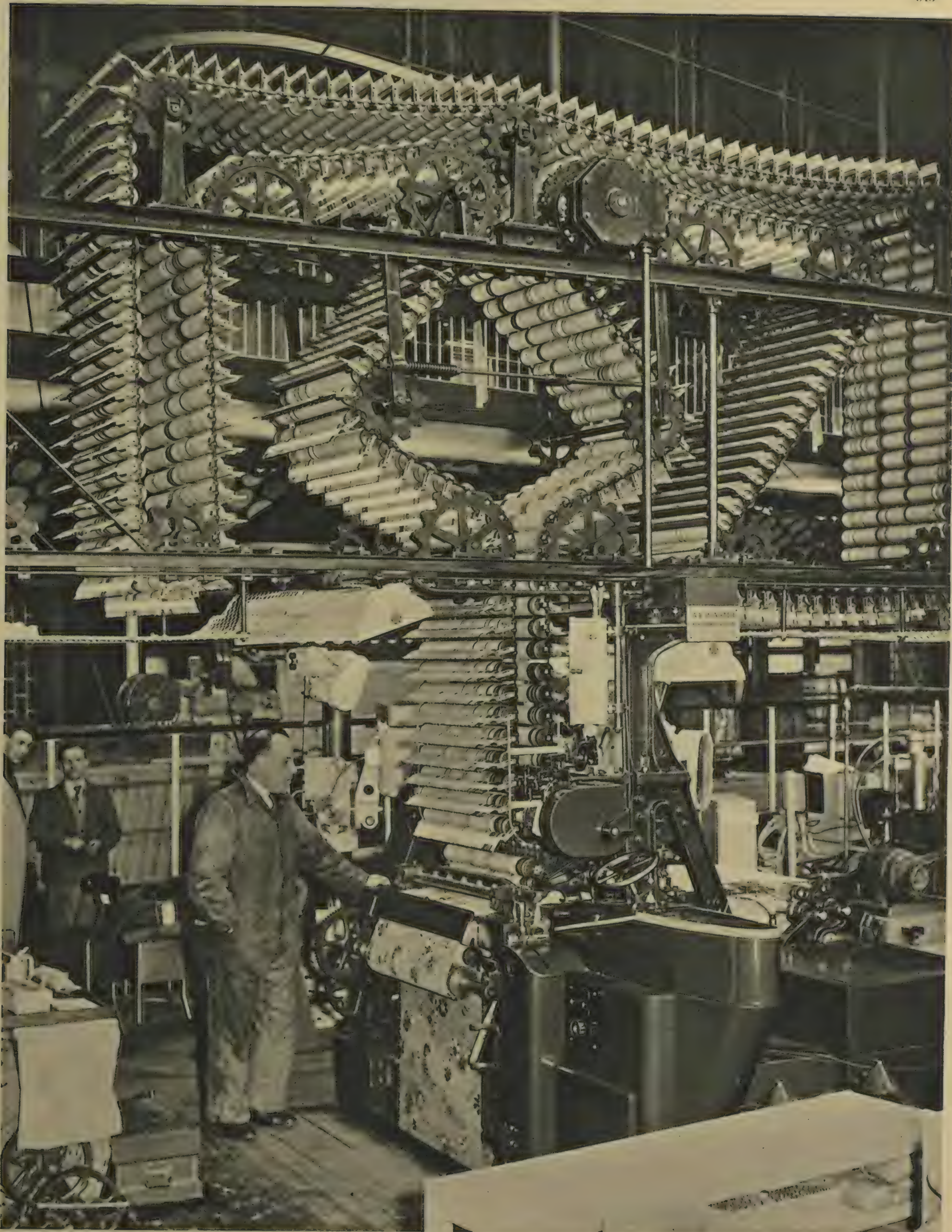


IN THE "LIVING WORLD" SECTION OF THE DOME OF DISCOVERY: A DECORATIVE SCREEN OF FOSSILS OF MAN AND ANIMALS REPRODUCED IN PLASTER.



EXHIBITED IN THE "OUTER SPACE" SECTION OF THE DOME: A WORKING MODEL OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM—OR ORRERY—PHOTOGRAPHED TO SHOW THE MOVING PARTS.





A FESTIVAL TRIBUTE TO BRITISH INDUSTRY: THE LARGE AXMINSTER CARPET-LOOM IN ACTION IN THE POWER AND PRODUCTION PAVILION AT THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION.

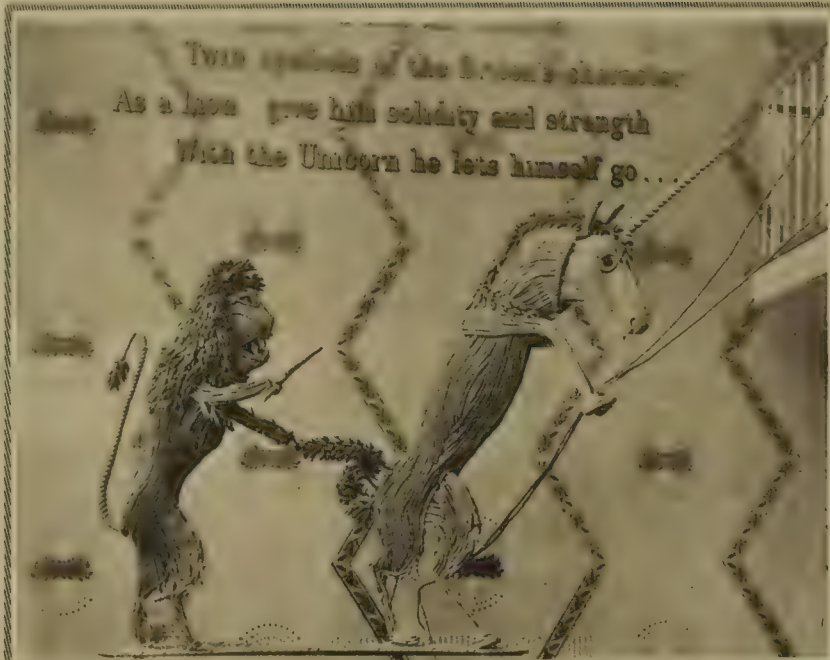
The Power and Production Pavilion at the South Bank Exhibition is a festival tribute to British industry. It has been designed to tell the story of our manufacturing skill, from raw materials to finished products, and its main feature consists of a selection of modern machinery reflecting the continuing

inventive genius of our engineers. The machines used in six groups of British industry, woodworking, rubber and plastics, glass, textiles, pottery, paper-making and printing—all of the latest type—are shown working. Those used for textiles are headed by the large Axminster carpet-loom which we illustrate.





EXPLORERS OF THE RENAISSANCE: A DETAIL FROM ONE OF THE LARGE MURALS, SUMMARISING DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE DOME OF DISCOVERY.



AN ANCIENT CRAFT IN A MODERN DÉCOR: WHEATSTRAW MODELS OF THE LION AND THE UNICORN, BY FRED MIZEN, WHICH DOMINATE THE PAVILION NAMED AFTER THEM.

IN the Upstream Sequence of the Exhibition the visitor is subjected to a great deal of instruction, which is presented (provided he follow the directions in the Guide) in a logical order. The Downstream Sequence is more considerate to human frailty, and its main purpose being to display the nature of the British People, its appeal is to the emotional, the historical, the æsthetic and the humorous sides of the visitor, rather than to his intellect. The Seaside, the Sport Pavilion, the promenades beside them, and the Sports arena, where demonstrations are staged, and the pool in which a charming statue rises among the small sailing-boats—all these are planned to divert, and succeed in doing so. The Lion and Unicorn Pavilion—which is full of gay, frivolous and beautiful things—has a basically serious purpose, to present, as it were obliquely, the British, or more precisely, the English, character; and in this, except for its refusal to acknowledge the achievements and influence of the Armed Forces of the Crown, it is fairly successful.



LIVING CHESS: A DEMONSTRATION MATCH BETWEEN R. J. BROADBENT (U.K.) AND J. ROSSOLIMO (FRANCE) IN THE SPORTS ARENA, BESIDE THE SPORT PAVILION.



THE ROYAL PAVILION, IN FRONT OF WHICH CAN BE SEEN THEIR MAJESTIES SAYING GOOD-BYE AFTER THEIR VISIT. IT IS FURNISHED BY ROYAL WARRANT HOLDERS.



COUNTRY LIFE IN ENGLAND: ITS MANY SIGHTS AND ACTIVITIES BLENDED INTO A SCREEN-SHAPED MURAL BY EDWARD BAWDEN, IN THE LION AND UNICORN PAVILION.

LIGHTER ASPECTS OF THE EXHIBITION: SPORT, DISCOVERY, FACETS OF ENGLISH LIFE; AND THE ROYAL PAVILION.



## POLAR EXPLORATION: VIVIDLY DEMONSTRATED IN THE DOME OF DISCOVERY.



OUTSIDE THE MODEL OF A HUT SUCH AS POLAR EXPLORERS INHABIT: FIGURES REPRESENTING MEN DRESSED FOR LIFE IN THE ARCTIC OR THE ANTARCTIC.



HOW POLAR RESEARCH IS CONDUCTED: THE INTERIOR OF THE MODEL HUT, WITH WIRELESS APPARATUS AND SPECIMENS NEATLY STACKED ON SHELVES.



WITH BUNKS AGAINST THE WALLS, BOOK SHELVES, A RADIO, SEWING MACHINE AND THE MINIMUM OF FURNITURE: THE LIVING-ROOM IN A POLAR RESEARCH STATION HUT.

The Polar Section in the Dome of Discovery at the South Bank Festival Exhibition is remarkably interesting. Visitors can see the exterior of a hut such as Arctic or Antarctic exploration or research parties inhabit, outside which stand figures in Polar kit. The back of the hut is open to display the research room, kitchen and living-room, which combine economy of space with such amenities as are possible. The visitor can then enter a small theatre,



REPRESENTED BY LIVING ACTORS WITH GENUINE HUSKY DOGS: EXPLORERS UNPACKING FOR A NIGHT BIVOUAC. PART OF THE BACKGROUND IS A CINEMA SCREEN.



SHOWING HOW ECONOMY OF SPACE IS COMBINED WITH ADEQUATE EQUIPMENT: THE KITCHEN IN A POLAR HUT—WITH EVERYTHING IN ITS OWN PLACE.

where a programme is given at stated intervals. This consists of a short explanation on the aims of Polar exploration and research, followed by a cinema display of Arctic and Antarctic scenes on a screen which appears in the background of the "snow vista." Finally, two "members of an expedition" enter with a sledge drawn by huskies, set up a tent, unpack stores, and settle down for the night exactly as they would do when on a journey.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE bowl in the hillside, ablaze with silver trunks standing out strongly in the spring sun, was clothed as in a green mist with the freshly opening buds. The air was filled with song. On either hand a wren poured forth its full song. The falling lilt of the willow warblers seemed to come from every other tree. And adding each its quota to the symphony were the chaffinch, whitethroat, song thrush, great tit, robin, tree pipit and chiff-chaff. It was a dell of beauty beyond description, beauty for both eye and ear. But then, this is being poetical, a thing out of favour these prosaic days. We no longer look upon birds as beings trilling their songs to high heaven. They are demarcating their territory, warning off rivals or attracting mates. So be it.

It was a lovely day. The temptation to take one's natural history the easy way was too great. Why not sit at ease on a grassy slope and, with binoculars, sort out this territory business, put some order into this chaos of song, take a look at each individual songster in turn, identify it, list it, and generally subject this spring idyll to reasoned analysis? There was all day ahead of us, anyway.

So far as I can sort it out the territorial instinct in most birds works thus. At the onset of the breeding season, the male selects an area of territory, to provide a nesting-site as well as a feeding-ground. His method of laying claim to the territory consists in part of advertising his presence by singing in turn from one or other of several singing-posts, located near its boundaries. By song also he advertises his presence to the female, who draws near to inspect and, if satisfied, to remain. Her loyalty and fidelity are won and held by courtship display and by song. Potential rivals for the hen, or invaders of his territory for any other purposes, are repelled by aggressive display, in which again song plays no small part. In addition, song is used to express contentment, alarm and other emotions. Clearly, song plays a most important part in a bird's life during the breeding season. And this explains, partly, at least, why the air was filled with song on that spring morning. Song is the title deeds to a territory the boundaries of which are not marked on a plan or even by fences, but by an unwritten law.

Now, in listening to the birds I tried picking out the individual songs with my ears and then searching for the individual bird with my eyes—and binoculars. Even though the trees were virtually bare, it was not easy. Each identification took time and careful searching. To begin with, there is a ventriloquial quality about any bird song. Then, having singled out and identified the song, and having decided approximately the direction of its source, the singer was seldom easy to see, largely owing to its small size and the manner in which it merged into its surroundings. I was giving all my attention to this task, and doing it somewhat clumsily. Yet I have been doing it, off and on, for twenty-five years. In other words, I was making heavy weather, even when concentrating on it, of a task in which I should be experienced, yet each bird must take this same task in its stride while doing all the other things connected with the business of living. And many probably have had no more than a year's experience at it. It is not easy putting yourself in the place of an individual of another species, but that is what I tried to do on that morning. As a result of it, I came to the conclusion that for all their lack of external ears, birds must possess acute hearing and a greater faculty for discrimination of sound than the average human ear possesses. Not only this, but a similar remark could be made about their sight.

I spent many hours that day in more or less the same spot, watching and watching as well as listening; and these are some of the thoughts that came to me. They add up to this: that in the use of hearing, and more particularly sight, birds have a speed and accuracy of recognition far exceeding our own. In addition, they must have a visual memory transcending ours. Leaving aside hearing at this point and concentrating on sight, we must accept that birds are called upon to use this sense to an exceptional degree

in a rapidly changing—perhaps kaleidoscopic is better—world. They recognise boundaries of territory, their own and those of others of their species, not by fences, hedges and walls as humans do, but by some relation to a few singing- or song-posts. This can only be in



ADVERTISING THE LIMITS OF HIS TERRITORY BY SINGING REGULARLY FROM WELL-MARKED "SINGING-POSTS": A NIGHTINGALE IN FULL SONG DURING THE NESTING PERIOD.



INTIMIDATING A RIVAL OR INTRUDER WHO HAS TRESPASSED BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF HIS TERRITORY: A NIGHTINGALE IN AGGRESSIVE DISPLAY.

During the nesting period most birds pair off and take possession of a well-defined territory—an area of ground that will provide food for themselves and family. The possession of the territory is established by the male, and more rarely the female, driving off intruders of the same species. The limits of the territory are advertised by the male singing regularly from well-marked "singing-posts." The song itself is usually a sufficient indication to birds of neighbouring territories that the area is occupied. Should, however, a rival or intruder trespass beyond the bounds of the territory he is received not only with the song, but with an aggressive display which may lead to a fight or may be sufficient to intimidate the intruder.

Photographs by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S.

relation to a picture memory of the detailed features over a comparatively wide area. Added to this the scene is changing daily, if not hourly, as the bareness of early spring gives place to the lush vegetation of early summer. There are many intervals during the day when song is still, but territorial boundaries must be recognised, so sight must play a large part in this recognition. The scene is also changing each day as grey dawn blossoms to full mid-day brilliance and dies down to dusk. Moving as they do from the ground to the height of bushes and trees, they must recognise the details not merely from all points of the compass, but from all points on a sphere. Within this setting, they are also called upon to recognise their fellows, to distinguish friend from foe, rival from predator.

As an ornithologist knows, the same bird looks different if viewed from below as compared with its back view, or head on, or seen from above. It looks even more different if seated in the shadow as compared with what we see as it twists and flashes in the sun. The ornithologist takes years of practice to be skilled in this game, a bird must be able to do the same almost from the start—and without binoculars. All must be done at high speed; the recognition of territorial boundaries, the recognition of the nesting-site, the watch kept for possible enemies, or rivals, and the search for nesting materials or food, the latter being difficult enough in itself. And all is done in a scene changing from day to day, a light varying from hour to hour, and all seen from a constantly changing angle.

It is more easy to get this conception sitting among the trees and watching the busy changing scene of the bird's world than to set it down in words. And even if, under the influence of the spring day and the mood of contemplation, I have overdrawn the picture, it still remains that sight in birds has a different quality to that we normally use. Indeed, as one contemplates the living, dynamic model, one is tempted to suggest that a bird needs eyes in the back of its head. And that is almost what it has. Although it is denied the advantage of stereoscopic vision, the eyes are set on the sides of the head, giving good all-round vision on either side.

Perhaps the special quality of bird sight can be conveyed more readily in the particular than in the general, and two isolated observations spring readily to my mind. The first is of the robin that accompanies me when digging in the garden. I once watched it closely for some time as

it moved about near my feet. For most of the time the eyes seemed to be constantly on the move, keeping a close but broad watch on the whole world around. Every now and then a change was perceptible in the use of the eyes as their vision seemed to narrow and concentrate on something in the newly-turned earth, invisible to my sight. Having picked up the minute insect, the robin would then revert to its broad watchfulness on the world. There was a speed in focussing, in adaptation of the use of the eye, readily alternating, which we do not normally employ.

My second example concerns a moorhen's nest. It was in an inaccessible spot, a tiny island of mud and grass in a brook beside a bridge. It was my ambition to see these birds on the nest, but there was only one way by which it could be approached, and there was no possibility of establishing a hide. I tried again and again, by a cautious, circuitous approach, but never got nearer than 50 yards. At that point the edge of the island came into my view through the arch of the bridge, and the next step brought me into full sight, only to see the tails of the moorhens as they disappeared into the grass of the bank. Always they saw me that split second before I saw them, and the speed of their reactions to visual stimuli was, so far as I could see, much more rapid than mine.

If a bird has any power of thought at all it must be a severely limited power. This is no more than we should suspect since the brain must be mainly concerned with the detailed work of visual and aural memory, and with supervising the kaleidoscopic impressions reaching it through eye and ear, and especially through the eye. It is a song-bird's only hope of survival.



## THE ASCENT OF MAN: HUMAN EVOLUTION— A BRITISH THEORY ILLUSTRATED IN THE DOME OF DISCOVERY.

IN that gallery of the Dome of Discovery which is called "The Living World," and which is devoted to telling the story of British discovery in the living world of biology, is a section devoted to the great scientist Charles Darwin and his contemporaries, and to their great work on the theory of Evolution. Not unnaturally in this connection there is displayed an exhibit which traces, as far as possible, some of the landmarks of the application of this theory to the evolution of Man. This exhibit takes the form of the seven reconstruction models (made by Mr. Maurice Wilson) which we reproduce on this page. There is not, of course, a steady, unbroken chain of evidence for

[Continued below.]



THE MIOCENE APE WITH SOME HUMAN CHARACTERS: PROCONSUL, DISCOVERED IN RECENT YEARS IN KENYA FOSSIL DEPOSITS.



THE RHODESIAN PRIMATE, AUSTRALOPITHECUS, WHOSE SKULL WAS DISCOVERED AT TAUNGS IN 1925. SOME HUMAN CHARACTERS.



PEKIN MAN: AN APEMAN OF THE SAME TYPE AS JAVA MAN (RIGHT), BUT WITH A SLIGHTLY LARGER BRAIN.



JAVA MAN—CLAIMED AS THE "MISSING LINK" BETWEEN APES AND MAN, WHEN FIRST DISCOVERED 60 YEARS AGO.



A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE MUCH-DISPUTED PILTDOWN SKULL: A PRIMITIVE TYPE OF MAN.



NEANDERTHAL MAN, THE BEST-KNOWN TYPE OF PRIMITIVE MAN, WHOM MODERN MAN (HOMO SAPIENS) SUPERSEDED.

[Continued.] the theory, but rather a succession of signposts pointing towards development. Not all of this discovery was British, although it may be said to stem from the theories of Darwin, Russel Wallace and Huxley, but four of the seven types we show were actually British-discovered. The Proconsul remains—which show an early ape with certain marked human characters—were discovered in Kenya by Drs. Leakey, Hopwood and MacInnes; the Taungs skull, which showed an even nearer approach to apeman, was discovered by Professor Raymond Dart in 1925 (while even more remarkable South African apeman remains were more recently discovered by Dr. Robert Broom). Pekin Man, an apeman like, but more advanced than, the Java Man, was discovered in 1927 by the Canadian Professor Davidson Black; while Piltdown Man, the much-disputed Eoanthropus ("Dawn Man"), was discovered in Sussex in 1912. The tale is concluded with Neanderthal Man, that blind alley of evolution, who was superseded some 70,000 years ago by Aurignacian Man, the first modern man, Homo sapiens.

(Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News.")

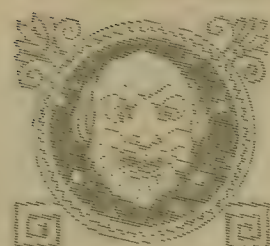


AURIGNACIAN MAN, THE CRO-MAGNON TYPE, THE FIRST OF THE HOMO SAPIENS GROUP, TO WHICH WE ALL BELONG.





# The World of the Theatre.



## ROYAL EGYPT.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SINCE I became a playgoer I have kept a notebook to record pieces of acting, isolated theatrical moments, stray lines, that stick in the grateful memory. It contains some entries that are intelligible now only if one recalls the exact moment, the exact cadence. For example: "To do observance to a morn of May"; "From the dust of old oblivion raked." Each of these lines, from two decades ago, recalls to me most vividly a voice and an experience. I have just written in the same book a passage that fortunate playgoers have now a chance of hearing from the stage of the St. James's Theatre.

The lines are spoken near the end of "Antony and Cleopatra," in the fourteenth scene of the fourth act, according to the text. Mark Antony has been defeated in his last battle. Cleopatra has betrayed him. The great love is over. And then Mardian the eunuch brings to him news of the Queen's death—false news—and Antony knows that the long day's task is done and he must sleep. To-day, at the St. James's, we can see Sir Laurence Olivier, as the noble ruin of Antony, outstretch his arms as he cries in a voice that seems to hold all ecstasy, all yearning:

Stay for me:

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:  
Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops  
And all the haunt be ours.

I have been moved many times in the theatre, but never more deeply than at this première of "Antony and Cleopatra." The performances of Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh (Lady Olivier) will live in theatrical record. On the previous night we had had Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," not a very good play, but full of craftily-devised scenes, from the moment that the Shavian Cæsar—acted by Sir Laurence with shrewd command—finds the girl kitten-Queen among the poppies at the base of a sphinx. Next night our thoughts went back to this when, at the majestic close of Shakespeare's tragedy, the same set was used, and Cleopatra, now Royal Egypt in heart as well as name, and passing from the wantoning "serpent of old Nile" to the last fire-and-air, spoke over Antony's body the great lament:



"A NOBLE PLAY FITTINGLY ACTED": SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER AND VIVIEN LEIGH IN SHAKESPEARE'S "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. MR. TREWIN DESCRIBES IT "AS THE BEST REVIVAL OF THIS PLAY WITHIN MEMORY."

"The crown o' the earth doth melt. . . .  
O wither'd is the garland of the war."

Throughout, Miss Leigh speaks with a beauty to match her looks. She does not make that fatal mistake of offering a too stagily voluptuous Cleopatra, of turning Royal Egypt to the figure of an oleograph. We have seen other actresses who, in the words of Enobarbus, have "cloyed the appetite" after a scene or two: Cleopatras who can not approach the glory-in-death when the bright day is done and the Queen is for the dark. (The speech of Iras to Cleopatra echoes the earlier lines of Antony to Eros.) Vivien Leigh does not over-stress any of Cleopatra's moods; but she presents them all. The woman is before us, passionate, deceitful, royal, and at her death (here

we must agree that Miss Leigh is aided by the cutting of that awkward scene with Seleucus, the treasurer) a figure infinitely noble.

I had never expected to see the part realised like this in the theatre; but I have seen it now, and with an Antony to stand beside his Cleopatra. Olivier can hold our hearts as the ruin of the mighty triumvir, and speech after speech will ring in my mind in the



"THE SISTERS WHO PINE FOR THE UNATTAINABLE": IRINA (RENÉE ASHERSON), OLGA (CELIA JOHNSON—CENTRE) AND MASHA (MARGARET LEIGHTON—RIGHT) IN "THREE SISTERS" AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE. A TCHEHOV REVIVAL, "WITH SOME DISTINGUISHED INDIVIDUAL PERFORMANCES, THAT WILL GROW IN EFFECT AS THE CAST SETTLES DOWN."

actor's strange, charged, dry-throbbing voice: "I' the east my pleasure lies," "Make mingle with our rattling tabourines," "They are black vesper's pageants," "A Roman by a Roman valiantly vanquished."

There, then, it is, a noble play fittingly acted, from the first scene and the fanfare of Philo to the last speeches that Masefield said must have been written "at one golden time, in a gush of the spirit." All is well with Michael Benthall's production on a revolving stage, and with Roger Furse's beautifully simple designs; and every member of the company is firmly behind the leaders. I like especially Robert Helpmann's iceberg-Cæsar (he is also the gay Apollo-dorus of "Cæsar and Cleopatra"), the Charmian of Maxine Audley, and Lyndon Brook's Eros. I have heard Enobarbus spoken more eloquently; but perhaps Norman Wooland is right to give "The barge she sat in" as a plain soldier without turning it deliberately to the most purple of purple patches. I was disappointed only once, and then in the few lines that are Shakespeare's largesse to a minor character, and that so many actors in my playgoing experience have thrown away. Antony has sent his schoolmaster to Octavius Cæsar to sue for peace, and this man, who is otherwise a shadow, lives for ever in the miraculous words:

Such as I am, I come from Antony:  
I was of late as petty to his ends  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf  
To his grand sea.

The lines fall without effect at the St. James's; but by now I have ceased to hope. Still, this is the tiniest speck upon a production of so much magnificence: something that has crowned the stage in

Festival year, and that is worthy of a summer in which the foundation-stone of the National Theatre is to be laid.

Two other Festival productions have been less satisfying, though I am sure that by now Tchekov's "Three Sisters" will be better than it seemed to be at the Aldwych first night. The play had not been done in London for thirteen years, probably because none wished to risk comparison with memories of the 1938 revival at the Queen's. Even now, it must be agreed, the older performance stands unshaken. "Three Sisters" has been elaborately put on, maybe too elaborately: on the first night it could not find the proper rhythm. Certainly things will since have been adjusted; the production will have been tightened and accelerated. The play itself stays incontestably lovely, autumn on its brow and in its eyes. With Sir Ralph Richardson as Vershinin, unexpectedly cast but finding the humour inherent in the sentimentalising soldier; Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton and Renée Asherson as the sisters who pine for the unattainable, and other notable players (Walter Hudd and Harcourt Williams among them) in the cast, Tchekov is given his honours: I hope to see the piece again when all is in harmony.

Next, the revival of James Elroy Flecker's "Hassan" at the Cambridge. Here I am in a difficulty. I admire Flecker's poems, but "Hassan" has never been my favourite play. Basil Dean has done much for Flecker's memory: it is not his fault if the play—which has become something of a legend—does not take the imagination in its present revival. It seems to be heavy and overlaid, and the true beauties of Flecker's verse (the ghazal, some of Ishak's lines, the epilogue of the Golden Journey) gleam too faintly now from the arabesques of Oriental decoration. I shall also continue to believe, perversely, that Flecker's first play, "Don Juan," is the better. He was, at his best, a superb poet, and it seems a pity that in the theatre the opulent melodrama of "Hassan" should be his memorial.

The speaking at the Cambridge is often indifferent. André Huguenet, the Hassan, though agreeable, has no special personality; Hilda Simms (the ecstatic Pervaneh) over-plays her hand; and Frederick Valk



"THE BEGINNING OF A SUPERB DOUBLE EVENT THAT MAKES FESTIVAL HISTORY": SHAW'S COMEDY "CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, WITH SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER AND VIVIEN LEIGH IN THE TITLE-ROLES.

makes surprisingly little of Haroun-al-Raschid. As compensations we have the unforced diction of Laurence Hardy's Ishak; he can speak "Thy dawn, O Master of the World" as it should be spoken, though here he is allowed only half of it. Laurence Harvey—the names are oddly similar—is a good, strong Rafi, and John Byron can voice the Fountain Ghost. But I was wishing, through the long evening, that there was someone in the cast with the vocal splendour of Harry Andrews, whose King Henry the Fourth, in "Part Two" of Shakespeare's chronicle at Stratford-upon-Avon, is a dominating performance that will be remembered, with Redgrave's Richard the Second, among the excitements of Festival year at the Memorial Theatre.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THREE SISTERS" (Aldwych).—A Tchekov revival, with some distinguished individual performances, that will grow in effect as the cast settles down. (May 3.)

DANNY KAYE (Palladium).—The leprechaun's return to Argyll Street. (May 7.)

"A PIN TO SEE THE PEEPSHOW" (New Boltons).—Joan Miller, in a fine performance (without a trace of staginess), urges along the Harwood-Tennyson Jesse dramatisation of a notorious murder case: a notable piece of work ending in a grim scene that is, mercifully, no procession of protracted death. (May 8.)

"HENRY IV. PART TWO" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—King Henry is dead, another Henry reigns, and Falstaff is rejected. The third instalment of Shakespeare's historical serial is richly imagined in Michael Redgrave's production. (May 8.)

"HASSAN" (Cambridge).—The play does not make the Golden Journey; but we are grateful to Basil Dean for the last scene at the Gate of the Moon and for a lavish production with the Delius music and full ballet. Why not cut the comic policemen? (May 9.)

"CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA" (St. James's).—Shaw's comedy is the beginning of a superb double event that makes Festival history. (May 10.)

"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA" (St. James's).—Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh lead their company in one of the best Shakespearean revivals for many years: certainly the best of this play within memory. (May 11.)

"THE HAPPY FAMILY" (Duchess).—Michael Clayton Hutton's scrambling topical-farical comedy is better done than it was at the Embassy. (May 14.)





WITH GLACIERS GRINDING THEIR WAY DOWN THE VALLEYS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT : THE LAND OF BRITAIN 20,000 YEARS AGO, IN THE ICE AGE, SHOWN IN A DIORAMA.



SOUTH YORKSHIRE, 220 MILLION YEARS AGO : THE FACE OF BRITAIN WHEN IT ENJOYED A TROPICAL CLIMATE AND ITS MANY COAL MEASURES BEGAN TO DEVELOP.

**TROPICAL AND ICE AGE BRITAIN : DIORAMAS IN THE LAND OF BRITAIN PAVILION, SHOWING THE ISLAND'S PHYSICAL ORIGIN.**

Near the main entrance to the Upstream Sequence of the Exhibition (the York Road entrance) stands The Land of Britain Pavilion, which is recommended as the first to visit for those who wish to take the Exhibition in logical order. In this small pavilion is a series of four Dioramas of Britain before ever it was Britain—the tropical age of 220 million years ago, which brought about the coal

seams; the desert of 160,000,000 years ago; the Volcanic Age of 50,000,000 years ago; and the Ice Age of 20,000 years ago, the last major transformer of the face of this land. These were the great earth-changes which formed the nature of our land, its structure and its mineral composition, and rendered it appropriate for our own peculiar flora and fauna—including ourselves.





### THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION AS A COASTAL RESORT: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE "SEASIDE"

One of the most appealing sections of the South Bank Exhibition is that devoted to the "Seaside." The official approach is from the "Sport" section, or from Rodney Pier, and it occupies a long stretch of the river frontage and pays a colourful tribute to one of the most popular sources of an Englishman's recreation

in summer. Passing the 46 ft. 9 in. "Watson" cabin, midship steering twin-screw motor lifeboat, one comes first to "The Working Port" exhibit, with its nets and sea-anchors, storm-cones and buoys—in fact, all the gear of those who gain their living on and off the shores of Britain. Next there is an exhibit

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



### SECTION, WITH ITS PEEP-SHOWS AND ROCK, FISHING-NETS AND ALL THE DELIGHTS OF A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

devoted to the large pleasure resorts, with a background of a characteristically British "seasfront," a medley of Victorian boarding-houses, elegant Regency facades, ice-cream parlours and public-houses. Finally there is an exhibit showing the coast that lies between the port and the pleasure resort. A stall reveals the

mystery of rock-making—one can see the sweet being manufactured. Peep-shows and gaily-coloured awnings add to the seaside atmosphere, and one can stand on one of a number of small piers and watch the shipping on the Thames and, if one is imaginative, almost taste the salt in the air.

ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

BRYAN DE GRINEAU 1951  
SOUTH BANK





# IN "OUTER SPACE" AT THE EXHIBITION: THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TELESCOPE.



ONE OF THE EARLIEST TELESCOPES: A MODEL OF THE INSTRUMENT USED BY GALILEO IN 1609, WHO DEVOTED HIS TIME TO PERFECTING IT.

DESIGNED BY HEVELIUS OF DANZIG IN 1673: A LONG AERIAL TELESCOPE IN WHICH NO TUBE WAS EMPLOYED, ONE HAVING A FOCAL LENGTH OF 212½ FT.



THE FIRST NOTEWORTHY TRANSIT TELESCOPE; OLE ROEMER, THE DANISH INVENTOR, ERECTED IT IN HIS HOUSE IN 1690.



A BRITISH DESIGN: JESSE RAMSDEN WITH THE EQUATORIALLY MOUNTED TELESCOPE MADE FOR A WEALTHY AMATEUR OBSERVER IN 1793. HIS MOST CELEBRATED WORK WAS A 5-FT. VERTICAL CIRCLE USED BY G. PIAZZI.



(LEFT.) AIRY'S NORTHUMBERLAND EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE AND DOME OF 1835 WHICH WAS ERECTED AT CAMBRIDGE; AND (RIGHT) THE EARL OF ROSSE'S 72-IN. REFLECTING TELESCOPE OF 1845 WHICH WAS ERECTED AT PARSONSTOWN.

(L. TO R.) THE COOKE-NEWALL 25-IN. REFRACTOR TELESCOPE OF 1871; A GRUBB, PARSONS LTD. 27-IN. EQUATORIAL REFRACTOR TELESCOPE OF 1880 AND THEIR TWIN-REFRACTOR TELESCOPE OF 1931 MADE FOR STOCKHOLM UNIVERSITY.

One of the features of the Dome of Discovery at the South Bank Exhibition is the section entitled "Outer Space," where the visitor after seeing the exhibits dealing with "Time," "The Earth as a Planet," "The Planets" and "The Moon," comes to an exhibit illustrating the development of the telescope in a series of models which we reproduce on this page. Britain has played a large part in this development from Sir Isaac Newton's design for

the first reflecting telescope to the 74-in. telescope now being completed in this country for use in Australia, whose mounting dominates the other exhibits on the ground floor of the Dome. The scale models and diorama have been executed by Cockade Ltd., and a replica model of the new St. Andrews telescope, which also features in this exhibit, was executed by John Shelley. The latest development of all, the radio telescope, is also on view.



DR. MERRYWEATHER'S "TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR",  
AND SOME MODERN FANTASIES OF THE FESTIVAL.



ONE OF THE DOMINANT FANCIES IN THE LION AND UNICORN PAVILION: THE OPEN CAGE AND THE DOVES OF FREEDOM FLYING FROM IT. FROM THE GALLERY OF THE PAVILION.



THE MOBILE FOUNTAIN BY RICHARD HUWS WHICH STANDS ON THE RIVER FRONT NEAR "SEA AND SHIPS." THE WATER FILLS AND TILTS EACH ALUMINIUM LEAF IN SUCCESSION.



HOW THE "TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR" WORKED. WITH INCREASING ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE, THE LEECH TOUCHES THE WHALEBONE BUTTON AND SO CAUSES THE HAMMER TO RING THE BELL.

ONE of the more engaging exhibits at the 1851 Exhibition was the "Tempest Prognosticator" of Dr. Merryweather, of Whitby, of which we reproduced a drawing in our issue of August 23, 1851. For the 1951 Exhibition a replica of the device has been made by Cockade Ltd., and it now stands in the meteorological section of the Dome of Discovery. In it twelve leeches, disposed each in a transparent glass bottle, are arranged in a circle "in order that the leeches might see one another and not endure the afflictions of solitary confinement." Atmospheric pressure agitated the leeches, who rose and moved the whalebone buttons, thus sounding the tocsin of approaching tempest. How successful the device was is not known, though Dr. Merryweather was convinced that he could "cause a little leech, governed by its instinct, to ring St. Paul's Great Bell in London."



AN EXHIBIT WHICH EARNED A PLACE IN BOTH THE 1851 AND 1951 EXHIBITIONS: A REPLICA OF DR. MERRYWEATHER'S "TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR," WHICH WAS WORKED BY A DOZEN LEECHES.



# FROM THE EXHIBITION'S COUNTRY PAVILION: ASPECTS OF THE FABRIC OF BRITISH LIFE.



FROM THE RURAL CRAFTS SECTION OF THE COUNTRY PAVILION IN THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION: A MODEL IN WOOD AND CLOTH DEPICTING HAND-LOOM WEAVING.

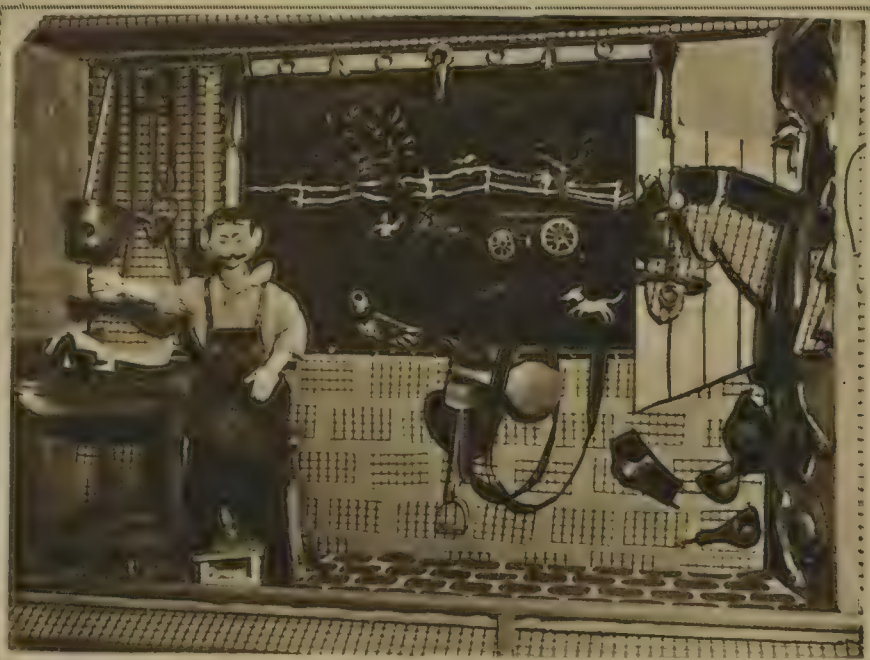


MEN OF STRAW AT WORK WITH STRAW: A CLEVER MODEL OF THE ANCIENT, HIGHLY-SKILLED AND STILL-PRACTISED RURAL CRAFT OF THATCHING BEING CARRIED OUT.



DEPICTING ACTIVITIES OF THE COUNTRY WIFE: AN APPLIQUE MURAL BY CONSTANCE HOWARD, SHOWING THE SCOPE OF THE WORK OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTES. THE MYRIAD TYPES OF HANDIWORK WHICH ARE CARRIED OUT BY WOMEN ARE ALL CLEVERLY REPRODUCED IN THIS HUGE FABRIC MURAL.

Some of the most attractive of the displays in the South Bank Exhibition are in the Upstream Circuit Pavilions devoted to the Natural Scene and the Country. The rich and varied wild life that inhabits these islands, and aspects



ILLUSTRATING ONE OF THE ANCIENT RURAL INDUSTRIES OF THIS COUNTRY: A CLEVERLY-CONSTRUCTED MODEL SHOWING SADDLE- AND HARNESS-MAKING IN THE COUNTRY PAVILION.



A BEAUTIFUL DISPLAY IN THE NATURAL-SCENE SECTION: A REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF LIVING BRITISH BUTTERFLIES SHOWN IN A CASE WITH GROWING PLANTS AND FLOWERS.



THE SYMBOL OF PLENTY: AN OUTSIZE MODEL OF STRONG HANDS HOLDING EARS OF WHEAT, AN INDICATION OF THE IMPORTANCE OF AGRICULTURE TO GREAT BRITAIN.

of modern mechanised farming may be studied there, as well as rural crafts. The work of the country women, which is so ably co-ordinated by the Federation of Women's Institutes, is depicted in the huge fabric mural we illustrate.





THE BIRTH OF AN ICE-CREAM WAFER : LOOKING DOWN INTO ONE OF THE DISPLAYS OF MACHINES AT WORK IN THE CENTRAL HALL OF THE POWER AND PRODUCTION BUILDING—A BISCUIT-MANUFACTURING PROCESS.

The scope of the displays in the Power and Production building is immense, and there can be little, if anything, of British Industry that is not represented among them. The uninstructed visitor, however, will probably find his chief pleasure in the main hall of the building, watching the wheels go round in the

group of exhibits of machines at work — and among these he can see a carpet loom, the moulding of plastics, the vulcanising of rubber, the assembly of switch-gear and hypodermic needles, knitting and spinning machines, a printing press, various metal-working machines, and one for wrapping sweets.



## SCULPTURES IN THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION GROUNDS.



"YOUTH ADVANCES": BY JACOB EPSTEIN. THIS GILDED BRONZE STATUE IS REFLECTED IN A FORMAL POOL.



A RELIEF EPI TOMISING THE HOME AND DOMESTICITY, BY JOHN MATTHEWS, WHICH STANDS IN A WALLED GARDEN AT THE ENTRANCE TO "HOMES AND GARDENS."

## STATUES AND SYMBOLS, FOCAL POINTS OF THE FESTIVAL.



RECALLING THE CURIOUS LANKY GRACE OF THE DINKAS OF THE SUDAN: A FEMALE FIGURE BY DAPHNE HARDY.



SOME OF THE BAS RELIEFS AFFIXED TO THE WALL AT THE RIVER END OF THE POWER AND PRODUCTION BUILDING: BY KAREL VOGEL.



"CONTRAPUNTAL FORMS": A MONUMENTAL GROUP OF ABSTRACT SCULPTURE SYMBOLISING THE SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY. BY BARBARA HEPWORTH.



"LEISURE": A MONUMENTAL COMPOSITION OF TWO SEATED FEMALE FIGURES, BY FRANK DOBSON, WHICH STANDS ON THE FESTIVAL HALL ISLAND.



SYMBOLISING YOUTH, OPEN-AIR AND SPORT: THE STATUE BY KARIN JONZEN, WHICH RISES OUT OF THE WATERS OF THE BOAT DOCK, NEAR THE SHOT TOWER.



THE STATUE OF A BOY AND A FOAL, BY DAVID MACFALL, WHICH STANDS AT THE FOOT OF THE DOME FACING THE COUNTRY PAVILION.

One of the most pleasing features of the Exhibition site on the South Bank is the use of sculpture—a considerable number of monumental groups, reliefs and smaller statuary being sited in various places. As can be seen from the selection shown above, these for the most part are not of the most advanced modern school, and they call for less earnest celebration than the

Battersea Park exhibits. Photography, however, does not do justice to sculpture, suppressing its essential three-dimensional quality, misrepresenting its material texture and "freezing" into a single stereotype the constantly changing aspects which the movements of the viewer and the variations of light incessantly reveal and which are implicit in the nature of sculpture.

N.B.—A Portrait in Full Colours of H.M. Queen Mary is Presented as a Supplement with this Issue.





A GREATLY BELOVED QUEEN: HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.



## THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE OF A GREAT STORY-TELLER.

"THE CLOAK THAT I LEFT": A BIOGRAPHY OF H. RIDER HAGGARD; By LILIAS RIDER HAGGARD.\*

An Appreciation by E. D. O'BRIEN.

"ONE of those old Romans," wrote Rider Haggard in 1906, when he had long achieved success, "who had such an extraordinary art of summing up gathered wisdom in a single sentence, once said that books, like men, have their destinies. *Habent sua fata libelli.* Certainly this is so. Thus for 'King Solomon's Mines' I never expected any success; it was only a tale of adventure—indeed, this pessimistic attitude was shared by sundry publishers, who, after the curious fashion of their race, turned up their experienced noses at what proved to be a sound investment in the way of fiction. . . . Indeed, I have come to hope that in dim unborn ages, when much better work, both of my own and other people's is clean forgotten, I may still be remembered as the man who in the Victorian Era wrote the well-known romance known as 'King Solomon's Mines.'"

A film of "King Solomon's Mines" is now being shown throughout the country. It has been a little unkindly described as "a pleasant nature ramble through Africa." A younger critic, my son, aged twelve, describes it as a "smashing good film." Certainly it is based on a smashing good story—one of the greatest adventure stories ever written. Certainly, too, there can be few of my generation who have not read the book and been gripped by it. I read it very young—about eight, I think. Much of it I cannot have understood. I did not mind. Like the future King Arthur, in T. H. White's delightful "The Sword in the Stone," I liked "the grown-ups who just went along talking their usual way, leaving him

to leap along in their wake, jumping at meanings, guessing, clutching at known words, and chuckling at complicated jokes as they suddenly dawned. He had the glee of the porpoise then, pouring and leaping through strange seas."

They were indeed strange seas—or, rather, strange countries—which Rider Haggard opened up for a small boy straining his eyes in the twilight of a first summer holiday, hours after official bedtime, fascinated and held as he was, perhaps, never to be gripped again. Yet until I read this sensitive biography of a hypersensitive man by his daughter, Lilias Rider Haggard, I knew little about the man who gave me such pleasure in childhood. The Haggards were descended (or so the family cherishes a tradition) from a mediaeval Danish family of the name of Agard. Since the middle of the eighteenth century they had been settled at Bradenham Hall, in West Norfolk, where an ancestor made an

alliance with one Frances Amyand, an alliance which was to prove of great importance, as to use Miss Haggard's words, "the Amyand blood took possession of the Haggard stock." The Amyands—"that fatal Amyand strain," as Henry Rider Haggard's father used to call it whenever a member of his family got into trouble—were wayward, wild and brilliant. Their blood bestowed on the Haggards "courage without endurance, and enterprise without perseverance. It gave them also long, fine-boned bodies, which, at fifty and sixty (they seldom lived longer than that) were as slim as in their youth, red and yellow heads, brilliant blue eyes, and a fatal charm of manner." By some perversity of fate their fecklessness was allied to a deep love of the soil, which made them travellers who longed to be at home, while at the same time stay-at-homes who longed to be overseas and in strange lands.

Henry Rider Haggard—though he was the only really successful one of seven brothers and a source of affectionate resentment and financial aid to brothers and nephews alike in consequence—shared these qualities to the full. Perhaps the most astonishing thing which emerges from this book is the vast range of his interests and activities, the number of projects and enterprises in which he got involved and in only one of which, his writing, he was wholly successful. He was an immensely sensitive child, acquiring early that curious preoccupation with, and fear of death—not for himself but for those he loved—which ran like a thread through the skein of his life. A nurse, playing on his childish fears, was instrumental in giving the world one of his most famous characters. Few, however, would recognise the "She," the terrifying and alluring, in her original: "a disreputable rag-doll of peculiarly hideous aspect, with boot-button eyes, hair of black wool, and a sinister leer upon its painted face." The doll, however, which was kept in a deep cupboard in his nursery, terrified Rider. The nurse, discovering this, used the doll as a fetish to frighten him into obedience, so that it became the original She-Who-Must-Be-Obedied.

Alone among his brothers Rider was not given a public-school education, going instead to Ipswich Grammar School and being trained afterwards at Scoone's, the famous diplomatic crammers. At this point, however, his fate, of which he was always conscious, took a hand and sent him out to Africa on the staff of Sir Henry Bulwer, the new Governor-General of Natal, a boy of eighteen with his first, and

perhaps the true love of his life in his heart. Africa made him. For he served under one of the greatest of African administrators. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, "Sompseu" to the Zulus, who loved him (though this did not deter them from plotting to murder both Shepstone and his young assistant on at least one occasion, when death missed them by a hair's breadth). To Africa, though later he travelled all over the world finding inspiration for his books in many lands, he gave his heart. There, too, it was broken, for the girl Lilith was not patient enough to wait for the young man without means who had left her five years before. There, too, he obtained that intimate knowledge of the Zulus which makes all his writing on Africa ring so true with so little effort. Shortly after the mail ox-cart brought him the news of Lilith's intention to marry another man, there came to Pretoria the news of the great disaster of Isandhlwana. It came to him in a curious way—a way which strengthened his interest in the mysterious and occult. Twenty hours before a man on an exhausted horse came into Pretoria to confirm it, his old Hottentot washerwoman told him that Cetywayo had, thirty hours before, "attacked the rooibatsjes (red coats) down in Zululand and killed them by hundreds." The massacre took place more than 200 miles away, and by no possible means could the news have come by horseback earlier than it did. The letters to his parents in which he describes the disaster are, incidentally, a clear indication of his ability to handle a pen. Much was to happen to him, however, before a chance remark of an elder brother turned him to writing. He married—after immense legal difficulties caused by the opposition of the girl's foster-parents—a marriage which was to be a source of continuing quiet happiness to him until his death fifty years later. He took his young wife out to Africa to his ill-starred farming venture, where their first child was born almost to the sound of the guns and the Gatlings on Majuba Hill, where Colley's force was annihilated by the Boers.

Returning in bitterness to England, he started to read for the Bar, but took up writing as the result of being "betted a bob" by his brother Arthur that he couldn't write "anything half as good as 'Treasure Island.'" Not that his first three books were successful. Far from it. But with "King Solomon's Mines," written, curiously enough, in the period of six weeks, which seems to have been the optimum in which all his best books were produced, he had an instantaneous success. Incidentally, it drew from Robert Louis Stevenson the half-humorous suggestion that they should collaborate, on the grounds that he, R.L.S., always started strongly "and often finish languidly and hurriedly," while H.R.H. was one "who gets steam up slowly." From then on his writing was uniformly successful, though after the death of his only son, Jock, at the age of ten, the greatest of the many tragedies of his life, something of the spring went out of his work. With success he made money—and spent it. He travelled widely, went treasure-hunting in Mexico, narrowly escaped death by shipwreck off the coast of Iceland, went into the City for a period of nine months, which alarmed his relatives, and disedified him, was splendidly rude on the subject of the Boer War to Sir Abe Bailey (the period of the South African mining millionaires is never, I think, the most attractive in our Imperial history), and farmed with love and some success at his home in Norfolk.

The long tale of personal emotional loss continued. Lilith, who had married most unhappily, died, a shadow of the beautiful woman she had been, ravaged by a terrible disease, but still, in his eyes, the "girl with the golden hair and violets in her hand" with whom he had fallen in love thirty-five years before. His nephews, to whom he was devoted, had their ranks thinned by the war. His reports on the Royal Commissions which sent him out to Africa were pigeon-holed as "a nuisance." His great and far-sighted campaign for the rehabilitation of rural England was apparently a failure. But he gave his friend Kipling (who acknowledged the debt) the idea for the Jungle Book and won the gratitude of General Booth for his campaign on behalf of the Salvation Army. He was knighted. He died in 1925 and was buried in the chancel of Ditchingham Church, under a simple inscription of his own choosing, which ended with the words, "who with a humble heart strove to serve his country." It was no bad epitaph for a man who all his life sought to help others. If this excellent biography serves no other purpose than to send another generation of fathers out to buy Rider Haggard's works for their young, it will have continued his task of giving pleasure and excitement to tens of thousands. All who loved the works of Rider Haggard the writer will appreciate this well-balanced picture of Rider Haggard the man, by one who writes so affectionately and clearly, but whose affection is so clear-eyed.

Note.—Owing to the indisposition of Sir John Squire the Appreciation on this page has been written by Mr. E. D. O'Brien, who contributes our weekly "Books of the Day" feature. Sir John Squire will resume his articles when he has recovered from the injuries he received in a recent fall.



RIDER AND LILIAS. A PHOTOGRAPH OF HENRY RIDER HAGGARD, K.B.E., WITH HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER LILIAS RIDER HAGGARD, BORN IN 1892, WHO IS THE AUTHOR OF THE BIOGRAPHY REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. SIR HENRY RIDER HAGGARD DIED IN 1925



THE MAN WHO WAS TO BECOME TO FUTURE GENERATIONS THROUGH RIDER HAGGARD'S BOOKS THE SYMBOL AND SPIRIT OF HIS PEOPLE: A SWAZI NAMED UMSLOPOQAZI, COMMONLY CALLED SLAPOGAZI, WHO IS BETTER KNOWN AS UMSLOPOGAS.

(Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Cloak That I Left," by courtesy of the publishers, Hodder and Stoughton.)

\* "The Cloak That I Left." A Biography of H. Rider Haggard. By Lilias Rider Haggard. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton; 28s.)



# PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK.



**SETTING UP A NEW BRITISH ALL-COMERS RECORD AND ENGLISH NATIVE RECORD: H. MCKENLEY (JAMAICA) WINNING THE 300 YARDS AT THE WHITE CITY.**  
At the British Games at the White City on Whit Monday, H. McKenley, of Jamaica, won two of the International events, the 300 yards and the 100 yards. His time of 30.3 seconds in the 300 yards broke C. M. Butler's previous record of 30.6 seconds which had stood since June, 1926. In spite of the cold weather there were about 30,000 spectators. Surrey, for the eighth time running, became county champions.



**ARRIVING AT TILBURY ON MAY 13: MEMBERS OF THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S CRICKET TEAM ON THE DECK OF THE S.S. MOOLTAN.**  
A team of sixteen Australian women cricketers arrived at Tilbury on May 13 in the S.S. Mooltan. Their tour is to last four months, during which they will play three "Test matches" at Scarborough, Worcester and the Oval, as well as twenty other matches. On May 19 they played their first match, when they met Kent Women's XI, on the ground of the Sevenoaks Vine Cricket Club.



**FIELD MARSHAL LORD BIRDWOOD.**  
Died on May 17, aged eighty-five. The senior Field Marshal of the British Army, he will be best remembered for his leadership of the Australian and New Zealand Forces in World War I, which he commanded in the historic Gallipoli landing. He later commanded the Dardanelles Army during the evacuation. Much of Lord Birdwood's career was spent in India, where he was C-in-C. from 1925 to 1930. From 1931 to 1938 he was Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge.



**TO BE THE FIRST WOMAN TO RIDE IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: SERGEANT PEGGY DUNCAN, WITH HER TOURNAMENT MOUNT (RIGHT).**  
Sergeant Peggy Duncan, of the Women's Royal Air Force, will be the first woman to ride in the Royal Tournament in its sixty years history. She is seen in our photograph with her tournament mount *Rowsham* (right) and a pony. Sergeant Duncan, who is twenty-eight, has been riding since she was seven.



**LIEUT.-COLONEL VLADIMIR PENIAKOFF.**  
Died on May 15, aged fifty-four. One of the most romantic figures of World War II, he was the only soldier in the British Forces officially allowed to have a private army. His force, known as "Popski's Private Army," fought in Africa and Italy, where it operated far behind the enemy lines.



**MR. HUGH FALKUS.**  
The only survivor of a film unit drowned in Achill Bay, Co. Mayo, Ireland, on May 12, when their 25-ft. boat capsized in heavy seas. They were engaged on a film to be called "Shark Island." The people drowned included Mr. Falkus's wife; Mr. S. Lee, a film director; Mr. Brendon, a camera operator; and Mr. Charles Osborne.

# PERSONALITIES IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**RECEIVING THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE U.S. PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION FROM LIEUT.-GENERAL VAN FLEET: LIEUT.-COLONEL DIGBY GRIST.**  
On May 9 the United States paid its highest military honour to the 1st Bn. The Gloucestershire Regiment for their heroic stand on the Imjin River. Lieut.-General Van Fleet, the Eighth Army Commander, presented the blue ribbon of the U.S. Presidential Unit Citation for heroism in action to representatives of the battalion. Our photograph shows Lieut.-Colonel Digby Grist, who now commands The Gloucesters, receiving the Citation.



**MAKING HIS LONDON DÉBUT AS AN ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTOR AT THE ALBERT HALL ON MAY 16: MR. LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI.**  
Mr. Leopold Stokowski, the world-famous conductor, is at present on a visit to this country at the invitation of Sir Thomas Beecham. On June 9 he is to conduct the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in a concert at The Royal Festival Hall. Mr. Stokowski, a Londoner by birth, went to the United States in 1905.



**AMERICA WINS THE WALKER CUP: W. P. TURNESA (LEFT) RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM THE BIRKDALE CLUB CAPTAIN, H. F. SIMPSON.**  
The Walker Golf Cup was won by three points by the holders, the United States, at the Birkdale course, near Liverpool, on May 12. America won four singles out of eight, Britain won three, and one was halved. It was an entirely well-deserved victory, but the figures do not indicate what a narrow margin divided the two sides and what a fine fight the losing side made.



**MADAME PAUL AURIOL.**  
Set up a new world flying record for women on May 13, when she covered a 100-kilometre circuit at a speed of approximately 508 m.p.h. Madame Paul Auriol, daughter-in-law of the President of the French Republic, smashed Miss Jacqueline Cochran's four-year-old record. She made the flight in a *Vampire* aircraft fitted with *Nene* turbo-jet engines.



**BEING SHOWN A COPY OF THE PORTLAND VASE: THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AND THE LADY MAYORESS, WITH THE HON. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.**  
On May 9 the Lord Mayor of London opened the exhibition of Early Wedgwood Pottery, which is being held at 34, Wigmore Street, London. Among those who accepted invitations to be present were the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Gaitskell and members of the Diplomatic Corps. The exhibition is to remain open until September 30. [Photograph by McLeish and Macaulay.]



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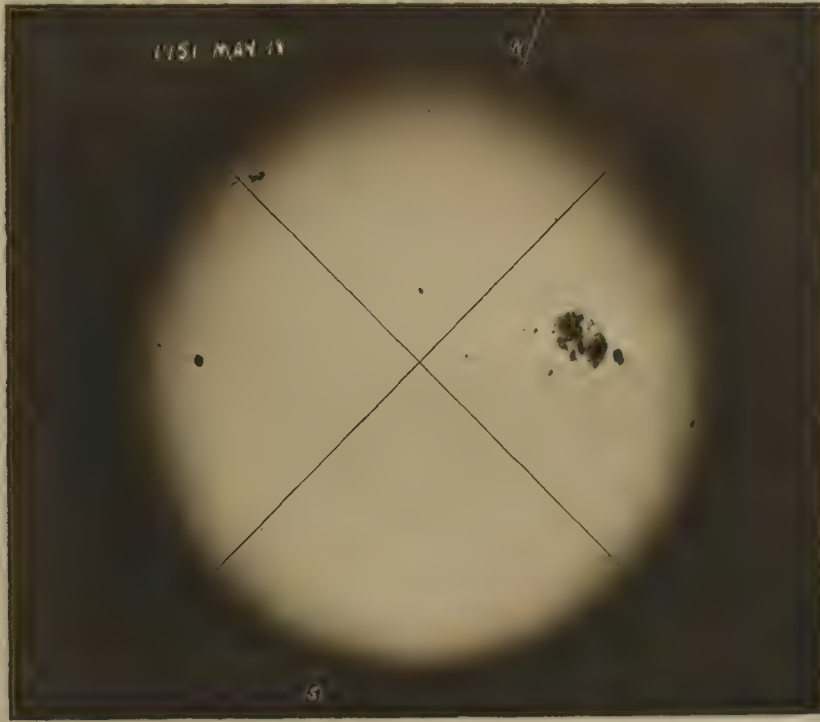
Earth on same scale •



THE CAUSE OF OCCASIONAL DISTURBANCES TO LONG-DISTANCE SHORT-WAVE RADIO COMMUNICATION, ESPECIALLY ON MAY 18: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A RECENT GIANT SUNSPOT, THE THIRD LARGEST IN THE GREENWICH RECORDS (I.E., SINCE 1874), WITH THE EARTH (TOP; RIGHT) ON THE SAME SCALE FOR COMPARISON OF SIZE.



ABOUT 130,000 MILES IN LENGTH AND SOME 65,000 MILES IN BREADTH: THE GIANT SUNSPOT PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, HERSTMENCEUX CASTLE—THE CROSS-LINES ARE SPIDER THREADS FIXED IN THE TELESCOPE.



ACCOMPANIED BY BURSTS OF ULTRA-VIOLET RADIATION WHICH DISTURB SHORT-WAVE RADIO COMMUNICATION: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GIANT SUNSPOT WHOSE COMPONENT SPOTS COVERED 5,700,000,000 SQUARE MILES.

#### THE THIRD LARGEST SUNSPOT ON RECORD AT THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY: PHOTOGRAPHS OF A SOLAR DISTURBANCE.

The work of recording the positions and areas of sunspots, which was begun at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in 1874, is being continued at the Observatory's new site at Herstmonceux Castle, in Sussex. The observational work of the Solar department has greatly benefited from the move to Sussex. Even so, there are gaps in the daily photographic record of sunspots due to cloudy skies, but these can usually be filled from similar photographs taken at the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope, and from the Kodaikanal Observatory, Southern India. With this photographic data the life history of every spot group, large or small, is recorded. The statistics thus accumulated at the Royal Observatory are of great scientific value for

comparison with phenomena in the Earth's magnetic field, and disturbances in long-distance radio communications. Our photographs, reproduced by kind permission of the Astronomer Royal, show a giant sunspot, the third largest in the Greenwich records, which was observed in May. The telescope used consists of a front lens of high quality, and in the camera box itself, a secondary or enlarging lens. The combination produces on the photographic plate an enlarged image of the sun  $7\frac{1}{2}$  ins. across. A rapid exposure about  $1/500$ th of a second is usually sufficient. The shift of the sunspot from left to right from day to day is due to the Sun's rotation in about twenty-seven days. The cross-lines provide zero points for measuring angles.



## NEWS FROM FOUR CONTINENTS, AND CLASSIC SCULPTURE UNDER THE HAMMER.



DEFIANTLY SALUTING (CENTRE), EX-PRESIDENT ARIAS OF PANAMA AND HIS WIFE ARE SEEN LEAVING THE PALACE, AFTER SURRENDERING IN THE RECENT COUP D'ÉTAT. On May 6, Dr. Arias, President of Panama, revoked the 1946 Constitution, thus giving himself dictator's powers. On May 10 he restored it; but too late, as the National Assembly had just previously impeached him and sworn in Señor Arosemena as President. Dr. Arias was arrested after a brief resistance.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF PANAMA, THE FORMER VICE-PRESIDENT ALCIBIADES AROSEMENA (LEFT), WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY (RIGHT), SEÑOR CESAR GUILLEN.



ECCLESBOURNE GLEN AND CLIFFS, WHICH PRINCESS ELIZABETH ACCEPTED ON BEHALF OF THE BOROUGH OF HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS, DURING HER SUSSEX TOUR.

During her Sussex tour of May 18 and 19—photographs of which appear elsewhere in this issue—Princess Elizabeth formally received the title-deeds of two acquisitions for Hastings and St. Leonards. On May 18 she received the title-deeds of Hastings Castle, which the Corporation have acquired from Lord Chichester's trustees; and later received from Major Carlisle Sayer the deeds of cliff lands and glens at Ecclesbourne and Fairlight, which he has presented to the borough as a Festival Year gift.



THE KING-DESIGNATE OF LIBYA (CENTRE), THE EMIR SAYID EL SENUSSI, BEFORE THE BOMB OUTRAGE WHICH MARRED HIS FIRST STATE VISIT TO TRIPOLI.

When the Emir Sayid el Senussi, King-designate of Libya, paid his first ceremonial state visit to his capital at Tripoli on May 19, a bomb was thrown at his car. Three persons were injured, but the Emir and his entourage were unhurt and continued their journey. Two other bombs exploded in Tripoli during the same day.



A BLAZING OIL-WELL IN PERSIA: AN IMPRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN AIRCRAFT CIRCLING THE SCENE DURING AN AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE.

The blaze from this oil-well soon melted the derrick above it, and is reported to have threatened the whole neighbouring oil-field. An American expert on oil-well fires, Mr. Myron Kinley, was summoned, and flew from Houston, Texas, in sixty hours to study the problem. The column of burning oil was stated to be 300 ft. high, and this would need to be blown out before capping with concrete.



OUTSTANDING IN THE MELCHETT SALE: A BRONZE STATUETTE OF A DANCING SATYR, 4TH CENTURY B.C.

On May 23 and 24, Messrs. Sotheby and Co. had arranged to sell by auction some magnificent works of art from the famous Melchett collection. The first day was to be devoted to Old Master drawings and paintings, including works by Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Canaletto, Catena, Guardi, Polidoro Lanziani, Tintoretto and others; while on the second day were to be sold the famous Greek and Roman antiquities of this collection. Besides the lovely Aphrodite and Satyr illustrated, there were a number of third- and fourth-century works of very high importance.



AN APHRODITE HEAD OF PARIAN MARBLE, WHICH MAY WELL HAVE BEEN BY THE SCHOOL OF PRAXITELES.





A LULL IN THE CHINESE OFFENSIVE: GUNNERS OF THE 45TH FIELD REGIMENT, ROYAL ARTILLERY, RESTING BRIEFLY BESIDE THEIR 25-POUNDERS NORTH OF SEOUL. JUST PREVIOUSLY THEY HAD BEEN IN SUCH CLOSE CONTACT WITH THE CHINESE THAT THEY WERE ENGAGING THEM OVER OPEN SIGHTS.



CHURCHILL TANKS OF "C" SQUADRON, THE 7TH ROYAL TANK REGIMENT, MOVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF SEOUL TO TAKE UP POSITIONS TO MEET THE CHINESE OFFENSIVE. IT WAS IN THIS SECTOR THAT THE 29TH BRIGADE, AND ESPECIALLY THE GLOUCESTERS, SO DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES.

#### BRITISH ARMOUR AND ARTILLERY IN KOREA: PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE SECTOR NORTH OF SEOUL.

The Chinese offensive, which opened on April 22, and which the magnificent stand of the Gloucesters did so much to break, was renewed on May 17 on a very big scale. Under this onslaught the United Nations withdrew from all positions north of the 38th Parallel, and were under very heavy pressure, north of Seoul and farther east near Chunchon. In this latter sector the

Chinese succeeded in breaking through and attempted to outflank the U.S. 2nd Division. On May 20, however, it was reported that this division had repulsed the attacks and, with strong air and artillery support, had succeeded in stabilising the line. There were orderly withdrawals in several parts of the U.N. front, but the general line was held.



# THE FAMOUS AND THE BEAUTIFUL IN WAX: WESTMINSTER ABBEY EFFIGIES.



POPULARLY CALLED "LA BELLE STUART" AND THE ORIGINAL BRITANNIA OF OUR COINAGE: THE WAX EFFIGY OF FRANCES STUART, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND, IN CEREMONIAL ROBES.



"THERE IS A WAX FIGURE OF LORD NELSON PUT UP IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY WHICH IS AS IF HE WAS STANDING THERE": THE NELSON EFFIGY.



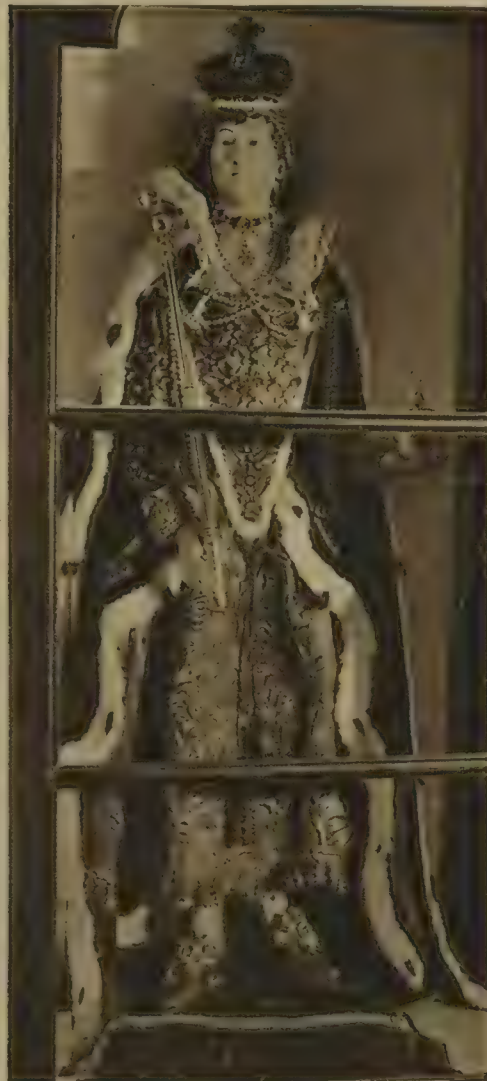
ONE OF THE ELEVEN WESTMINSTER ABBEY EFFIGIES NOW DISPLAYED IN THE NORMAN UNDERCROFT: A CONTEMPORARY LIKENESS OF QUEEN ANNE.



WEARING THE OLDEST SURVIVING GARTER ROBES: THE EFFIGY OF CHARLES II. —ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING AND AUTHENTIC LIKENESSES.



ALMOST CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS OF THE JOINT RULERS OF ENGLAND: THE EFFIGIES OF KING WILLIAM III. AND QUEEN MARY II. WHICH WERE "OPEN'D TO BE SHEWN ON MONDAY, MARCH 1ST, 1725," AND WERE PROBABLY MODELLED BY MRS. GOLDSMITH.



"GLORIANA" IN WAX: THE EFFIGY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, WHICH DATES ONLY FROM 1760, AND HAS AN "UNCANNY AND PATHETIC" EFFECT.

For centuries it was the custom to carry a life-size effigy of the deceased person at funerals in Westminster Abbey, and eleven of these figures (some not contemporary) survived. They were housed in the Islip Chantry Chapel, and in 1933 it was decided that they should be cleaned—a task taking three years and undertaken by the Victoria and Albert Museum. On completion of the work a leading article in *The Times* appealed for better spacing and lighting of

the effigies than was possible in their old quarters. In 1939 the effigies were removed to a place of safety, and after the war were stored at Lancaster House. They have now been returned to the Abbey and are displayed in well-lit glass cases in the Norman Undercroft. Of great interest is the effigy of Lord Nelson, of which Lady Elizabeth Foster wrote in 1806: "There is a wax figure of Lord Nelson put up in Westminster Abbey which is as if he was standing there."



# PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S TWO-DAY TOUR OF SUSSEX, AND OTHER ROYAL OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



CALLING FOR THREE CHEERS FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH: THE DUKE OF NORFOLK WITH HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, AT THE END OF THE ARUNDEL FESTIVAL PAGEANT.

Princess Elizabeth completed her two-day tour of Sussex on May 19 by watching a festival pageant "Sussex by the Sea" played in the grounds of Arundel Castle by 1000 boys and girls from youth clubs of the county. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, whose four daughters took part in the pageant. On May 18 Princess Elizabeth visited Hastings, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Lewes, Brighton and Hove; she was escorted by the Duke of Norfolk.



A PATH OF ROSES FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH: H.R.H. LEAVING THE CENTRAL CRICKET GROUND AT HASTINGS AS CHILDREN SCATTER ROSE PETALS AND CURTSY.



INSPECTING THE 3RD BATTALION, GRENADEER GUARDS, AT CHELSEA BARRACKS ON MAY 16: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WHO IS COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT. THE BATTALION IS SOON TO EMBARK FOR TRIPOLI.

Princess Elizabeth, as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, inspected the 3rd Battalion at Chelsea Barracks on May 16. This battalion is due to embark for Tripoli in July. The Princess walked round the ranks of Guardsmen and talked to several men, and took the salute when the battalion marched past. Her Royal Highness visited the sergeants' mess, and took luncheon with the officers.



IN THE CHAMBER OF THE GUILDHALL AT WINDSOR AFTER THE REOPENING CEREMONY ON MAY 15: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH THE MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS.

On May 15 Princess Elizabeth reopened Windsor Guildhall after its renovation. The Guildhall is a seventeenth-century building designed by Sir Thomas Fitz and, after his death, completed by Sir Christopher Wren. It has been redecorated and refurbished, and now its appearance is almost exactly as it was when completed two-and-a-half centuries ago. Some ugly woodwork and glass placed round the ground floor a century ago have been removed.



AT A RECEPTION IN CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL CANCER HOSPITAL, FULHAM ROAD, LONDON: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER BEING PRESENTED WITH A BOUQUET. A DINNER IN HONOUR OF THE CENTENARY WAS HELD ON MAY 17.



INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF CADETS FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES SEA TRAINING SCHOOL AT THE MANSION HOUSE: H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

On May 16 the Duchess of Kent attended the anniversary meeting of the British Sailors' Society at the Mansion House, where she presented certificates for good conduct to cadets of the Prince of Wales Sea Training School, of which her Royal Highness is patron. The meeting was presided over by the Lord Mayor. Our photograph shows the Duchess of Kent inspecting the guard of honour.



# NEWS IN BRITAIN: A MISCELLANY OF CURRENT EVENTS RECORDED BY CAMERA.



THE OPENING OF BEAUCHAMP PLACE, KENSINGTON, FESTIVAL WEEK: A STAGE-COACH ARRIVING WITH PASSENGERS FOR THE CEREMONY BY MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE.

On May 18 the Borough of Kensington's own Festival Week was opened by Miss Cicely Courtneidge in Beauchamp Place amidst gaily-decorated shops whose owners and assistants wore the costumes of 1851. A stage-coach carrying passengers wearing crinolines toured London to advertise the event. A large crowd watched the proceedings.



THE "D"-DAY INVASION COMMEMORATED IN A TAPESTRY: WOMEN OF SOUTHAMPTON WITH THE DESIGN AND THE, AS YET, UNFINISHED WORK, WHICH WILL TAKE A YEAR TO COMPLETE.

The women of Southampton, inspired by the city's contribution to the success of the "D"-Day invasion (it was the main invasion port), are working on a tapestry 9 ft. by 4½ ft. which will commemorate the city's part in that great event. Miss M. C. Christison, who spent nearly a year on the design, is seen in our photograph showing it to some of the needlewomen who hold the unfinished tapestry.



AFTER THE UNVEILING OF THE VIRGINIA SETTLERS' MEMORIAL: THE U.S. AMBASSADOR (SECOND FROM RIGHT). On May 18 the U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Walter Gifford, unveiled a granite and bronze monument to the Virginia settlers who sailed from Blackwall in 1606. The memorial was commissioned by the P.L.A., and was designed and made by Mr. Harold Brown. The memorial stands facing the Thames, beside the East India Dock.



ON VIEW AT AN EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS BY OLD MASTERS IN LONDON: "EAST BERGHOLT CHURCH"; BY CONSTABLE. An exhibition of Drawings by Old Masters opened at Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi's Gallery, 14, Old Bond Street, on May 17, and will continue until June 20. Among the exhibits is this water-colour by John Constable (1776-1837) of East Bergholt Church, dated 1805, which has been purchased by the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa.



ILLUSTRATING THINGS THAT GO WRONG WHEN CORRECT BUILDING PRINCIPLES ARE IGNORED: GREMLIN GRANGE. One of the most interesting exhibits at the 1951 Exhibition of Architecture and Town Planning at Poplar is Gremlin Grange—a full-size demonstration of how many things can go wrong when correct building principles are ignored. The faults can be seen on the exterior as well as the interior of the Grange.



TELLING THE STORY OF COAL: THE FAÇADE OF THE GLASGOW FESTIVAL EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRIAL POWER. THE FIGURES (R. TO L.) REPRESENT THE SUN AWAKENING VEGETATION WHICH IS NURTURED BY WIND AND WATER; VEGETATION BECOMES A FOSSIL, WHICH IS DUG BY THE MINER (LEFT).



THE LINK-UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BRITISH RAILWAYS TUNNEL BETWEEN WOODHEAD AND DUNFORD BRIDGE: W. MACCOLL (LEFT) AND H. FOWLER. On May 16 as the smoke cleared from the explosion of 112 lb. of gelignite 500 ft. under the Pennines, two men ran to greet each other. They were Mr. W. Maccoll and Mr. H. Fowler, foremen working from opposite ends of the British Railways three-mile tunnel being driven between Woodhead and Dunford Bridge.



## THE ART OF THOMAS LAWRENCE : DISPLAYED IN A LONDON SHOW.



"SIR ROBERT PEEL" (1788-1850), THE GREAT STATESMAN, A FRIEND AND PATRON OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A. (56 by 44 ins.)



"PRINCESS LIEVEN" (1785-1857), WIFE OF PRINCE LIEVEN, RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO LONDON, 1812-1834. (18 by 15 ins.)



"THE RT. HON. J. P. CURRAN" (1750-1817), THE FAMOUS IRISH PATRIOT AND LAWYER, PAINTED IN ONE SITTING. (30 by 25 ins.)



"CHARLES WILLIAM STEWART, 3RD MARQUESS OF LONDON-DERRY, K.G." (1778-1854), SOLDIER AND DIPLOMAT. (50 by 40 ins.)



"LADY HARRIET HAMILTON," ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE 1ST MARQUESS OF ABERCORN. DIED UNMARRIED 1803. (Oval, 20 by 15½ ins.)



"RICHARD PAYNE KNIGHT, M.P." (1750-1824), THE COLLECTOR, CONNOISSEUR AND DILETTANTE. (50 by 40 ins.)

## THE MIRROR OF AN AGE : PORTRAITS OF THE GREAT AND FAIR.



"HENRY ROBERT STEWART, VISCOUNT CASTLERAGH, K.G., 2ND MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY," BETTER KNOWN AS CASTLE REAGH (1769-1822). (50 by 40 ins.)



"MISS MARIA SIDDONS" (1779-1798), SECOND DAUGHTER OF MRS. SIDDONS. SHE BECAME ENGAGED TO LAWRENCE, 1797. (16½ by 11½ ins.)



"GEORGINA COUNTESS BATHURST" (1765-1841), DAUGHTER OF LORD GEORGE LENNOX; WIFE OF THE 3RD EARL. (29 by 24 ins.)

It is forty-six years since, in 1904, a section of the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition was devoted to Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. (1769-1820), but there has been no Lawrence exhibition as such since those of a memorial nature at the British Institute in 1830 and 1833. Thus the important Loan Exhibition of Lawrence portraits arranged by Thomas Agnew and Sons at their Old Bond Street Galleries is a fitting British Festival Year tribute to a great British painter. Lawrence enjoyed fame in his lifetime, and his sitters

included many leading figures of his day. His portraits, as Kenneth Garlick points out in his foreword to the catalogue of the Agnew Exhibition, are "a mirror of an age and portray, according to its own terms and its own standards of taste, the vivacious society which created the last splendours of Georgian England." The exhibition (which was due to open on May 17 and will continue till June 23) is in aid of the Association of the Friends of the Bristol Art Gallery—Bristol being the birthplace of Lawrence.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. VENETIAN MAGIC.\*

By FRANK DAVIS.

"TRAVELLERS who come into Italy do nothing but run up and down to see sights, and this city well deserved our admiration, being the most wonderfully placed of any in the world, built on so many hundred islands, in the very sea, and at good distance from the continent."

The above was written long before the Grand Tour had become the normal part of a wealthy young man's education. The year is 1645, and it is with these words that John Evelyn begins the vivid description of the few days he spent in Venice. Even then the glory had grown dim, for the Mediterranean basin was no longer the focus of commercial activity. In another hundred years the incomparable city was living in its past, enchanting all comers with its nostalgic charm, of no consequence politically, but none the less admired and loved.

Eighteenth-century visitors demanded mementoes of their stay, as visitors always will. Hence the paintings by Marietti, Canaletto and Guardi and their numerous imitators, brought back to England and hung in country houses. Drawings are a different matter: such trifles were not greatly to the taste of the average Milord of the period and it is only in recent years that they have been considered desirable. Now comes a learned and exhaustive study of the drawings of Francesco Guardi (1712-1793), whose paintings, with their sharp accents and radiant sparkle, are not the least delicious of the views of Venice which have come down to us. After the painter's death, several thousand drawings remained in the possession of his son, and eighteen of these were bought in 1829 by Count Teodoro Correr for something like sixpence apiece. The Correr collection contains about 125 and about 250 can be traced in other hands. Presumably somewhere in the world are at least a few of the many thousands of drawings which were left by his father to the son Giacomo, and which the latter probably sold piecemeal between the year of Francesco's death in 1793 and his own forty-two years later. The eighty plates in this book, "The Drawings of Francesco Guardi," by J. Byam Shaw, are from private and public collections on both sides of the Atlantic, and it is difficult to imagine a better-balanced selection, with due weight attached to the religious and allegorical subjects with which the painter seems to have mainly occupied himself until a year or so before his elder brother's death in 1760, by which time—if I have read Mr. Byam Shaw's review of the evidence correctly—he was working with, and very greatly influenced by, Canaletto—and indeed borrowed freely from that great and successful master. He himself, as Mr. Byam Shaw points out, was never of any great account in his lifetime. "As late as 1782, for his four pictures recording the State visit of Pope Pius VI, he was paid no more than 10 *zecchini* apiece—about £5 of our money; while Canaletto at the age of thirty, in 1727, received more than twice as much from the Duke of Richmond's agent for a much smaller picture; and Rosalba Carriera, in 1739, got three times as much for a pastel portrait."

Guardi's drawings, like his paintings, have attracted the attention of certain ingenious and far from incompetent draughtsmen now

that they have a market value vastly in excess of the 6d. at which they changed hands more than a century ago, and Mr. Byam Shaw provides us on the last page of the book with a first-class

modern forgery (Fig. 2), which I wish he had placed opposite the splendid original drawing, "The Ascent of a Balloon from the Giudecca Canal," belonging to Dr. M. Altmann (Fig. 1), from which it

appears to be derived. Failing exact facsimile reproductions, which would, of course, give the colour of the delicate washes and would be terribly expensive (impossible in a 27s. 6d. book), the careful reader will be able to see for himself how close to and yet how far from, the sparkling, vivacious original the imitator remains. "Many forgeries" says the note, "by this hand are known. The clumsy wash (which often has a purplish tinge) and the wriggling contours (especially in the figures of the middle distance) are typical. Guardi's own wash is masterly—transparent and brilliantly suggestive; his contours are angular and erratic, with a peculiarly personal idiom, which the forger aims at, but fails to catch." Another version of this same subject appeared in a Paris sale in 1922—in this the forger exercised his imagination a little too freely, adding another opening to the arcade, and showing through it a view of the Dogana Point—the very place from which the view is taken.

The event so brilliantly set down on paper in Dr. Altmann's drawing is the first ascent of a balloon in Venice, made by Count Giovanni Zambecari in April, 1784. It is a sketch for a painting in oils in Berlin and, like all drawings by especially gifted, observant and sensitive artists, is less accurate and infinitely more truthful than a photograph (which remark will be violently contested by various excellent amateur photo-

graphers of my acquaintance).

This leads me to a very interesting passage in Mr. Byam Shaw's introduction, in which he discusses how far a romantic like Guardi is likely to have made use of the camera obscura as an aid. This ingenious device which, it is known, was by no means despised by Canaletto, was nothing more than a camera with a mirror instead of a sensitive plate—so the image passes through the lens and is then reflected by the mirror on to a squared glass, from which it could be traced or copied on to paper. (Among innumerable odd pieces of information in this book, is a note that the Science Museum at South Kensington possesses a portable camera obscura which folds up into the form of a book, and is said to have belonged to Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

The other problem which is the subject of very acute analysis concerns the extent to which Francesco Guardi is indebted to Canaletto, and the conclusion reached is that he did in fact, when he was in his forties, work in Canaletto's studio. There is documentary evidence for this (apparently doubted by some critics) and there is, in addition, the evidence of both drawings and paintings. Time after time he borrows or adapts from Canaletto pictures or prints or drawings. The list is formidable, and, says the author, "is it not enough to suggest a direct association between the borrower and the originator of the designs?" This may seem to relegate Guardi to a wholly inferior position; in fact, it serves to emphasise his peculiar gifts, those of a romantic interpreting another man's vision and adding to it his own.

I think the final summing-up is fair enough: "Just as it is possible even now in Venice . . . in some unpredictable moment to catch the sensation of a dream; so looking at the most exquisite of Guardi's drawings, whether they are visions of reality or fancy, you may live a little while out of the earth; for indeed fancy itself is not more unreal than that enchanting city, whose magic he understood so well."



FIG. 1. "THE ASCENT OF A BALLOON FROM THE GIUDECCA CANAL": BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793). AN INTERESTING COMPARISON WITH THE FORGERY ALSO REPRODUCED ON THIS PAGE. PEN AND BISTRE WASH. This sketch for the picture in Berlin is in the possession of Dr. M. Altmann. The view is taken from the Dogana Point, and the occasion is the first ascent of a balloon in Venice on April 14, 1784. It is Plate 46 in the book reviewed on this page, while the forgery which we reproduce forms Plate 80.



FIG. 2. A MODERN FORGERY OF A DRAWING BY FRANCESCO GUARDI: "THE ASCENT OF A BALLOON." PEN AND BROWN WASH.

"Many forgeries by this hand are known. The clumsy wash (which often has a purplish tinge) and the wriggling contours (especially in the figures of the middle distance) are typical." The subject is, of course, inspired by the drawing reproduced in Fig. 1, or the corresponding picture in Berlin. Both illustrations from "The Drawings of Francesco Guardi," by permission of the publishers. The original of the forgery is in the possession of the author, Mr. J. Byam Shaw.

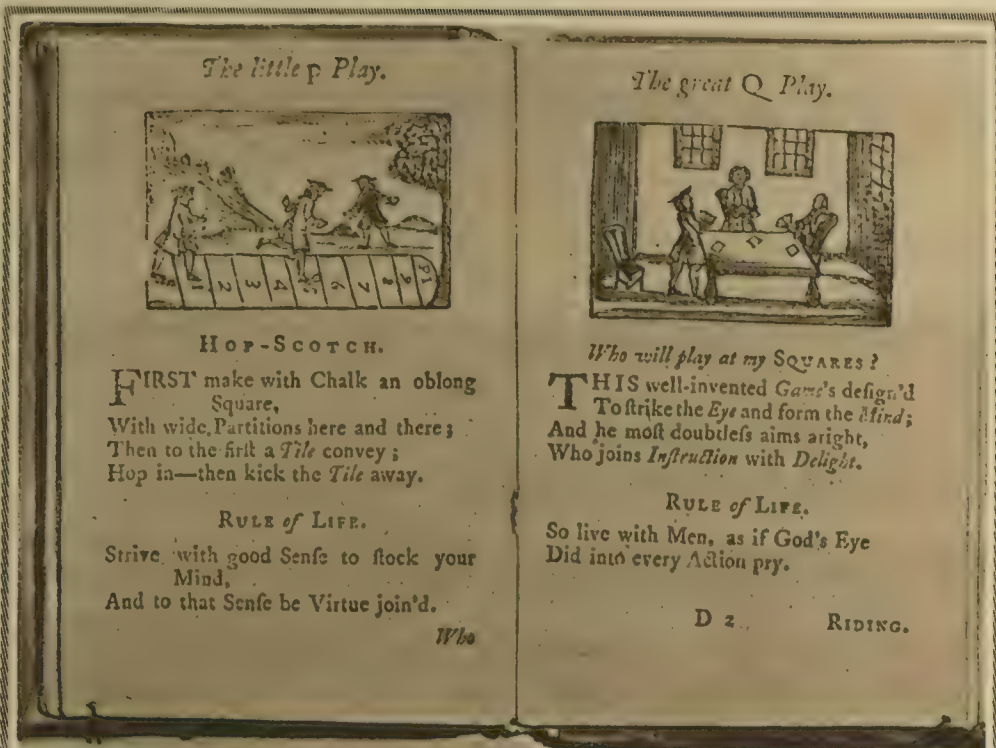
\* Frank Davis reviews on this page "The Drawings of Francesco Guardi," by J. Byam Shaw. (Faber and Faber; 27s. 6d. net.)



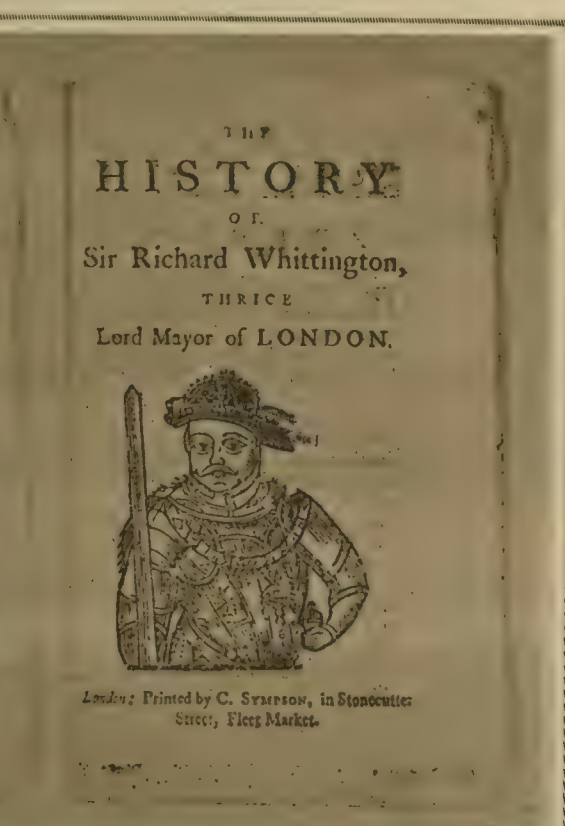
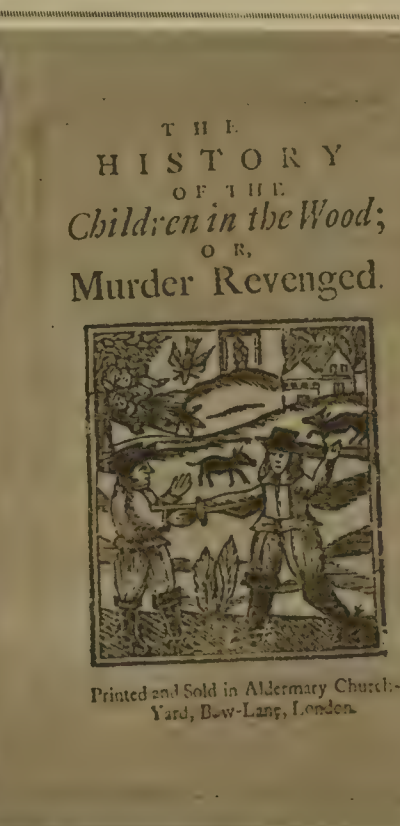
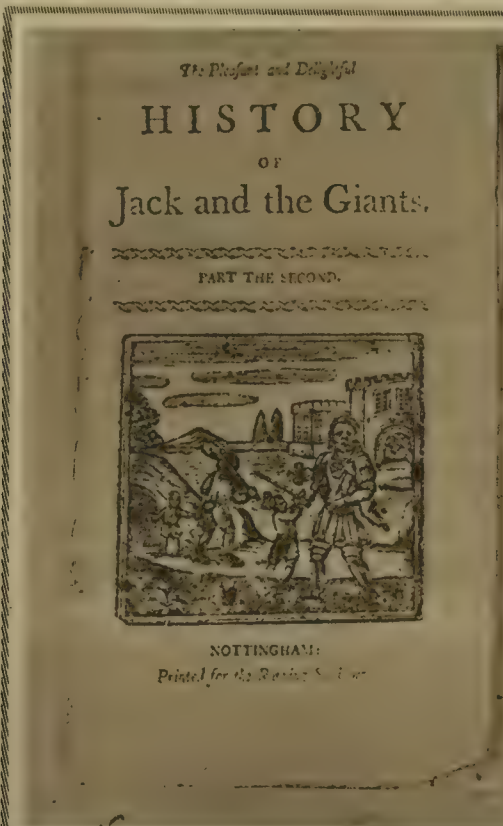
# THE FESTIVAL BOOK EXHIBITION: RARITIES IN THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.



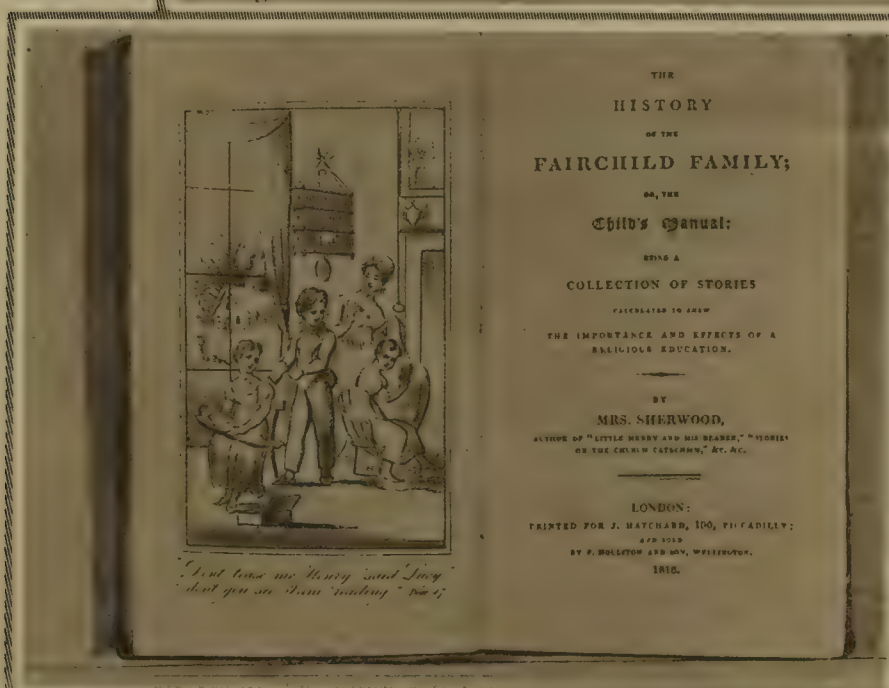
"THE HISTORY OF LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES . . . A NEW EDITION."  
J. NEWBERY, 1766. (Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Opie.)



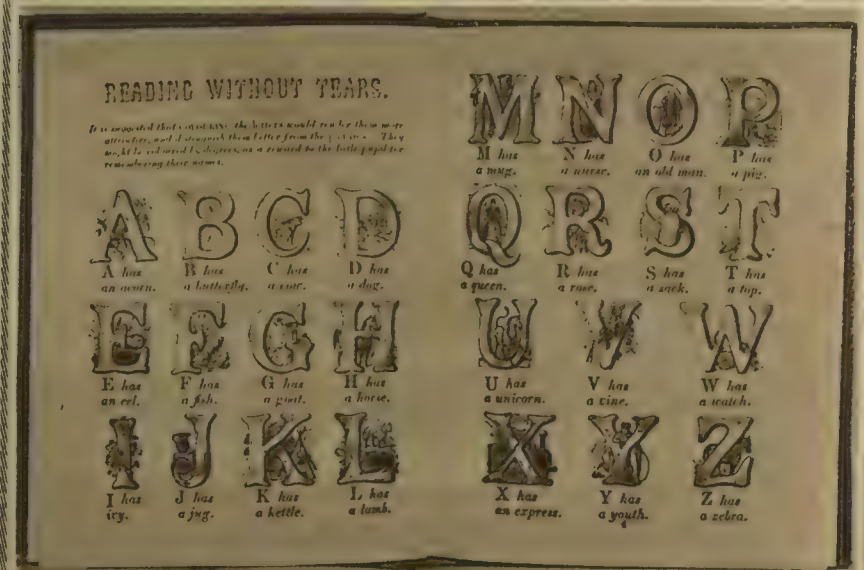
"A LITTLE PRETTY POCKET-BOOK, INTENDED FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF LITTLE MASTER TOMMY AND PRETTY MISS POLLY. . ." J. NEWBERY, 1767. (Lent by the British Museum.)



"THE HISTORY OF JACK AND THE GIANTS" (c. 1795); "THE HISTORY OF THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD" (c. 1770); AND "THE HISTORY OF SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON" (c. 1765): CHAPBOOKS. (Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Opie.)



"THE HISTORY OF THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY; OR THE CHILD'S MANUAL. . ." BY MARY MARTHA SHERWOOD (1775-1851). T. HATCHARD. 1818. (Lent by Mr. Geoffrey Keynes.)



"READING WITHOUT TEARS; OR A PLEASANT MODE OF LEARNING TO READ"; BY FAVELL LEE BEVAN, AFTERWARDS MORTIMER (1802-1878). T. HATCHARD. 1857. (Lent by the British Museum.)

London's Festival displays include the 1951 Exhibition of Books in the Victoria and Albert Museum, arranged for the Festival Office by the National Book League. Its purpose is to give a representative view of British Books and Literature from the fifteenth century until to-day. Rare and valuable exhibits lent by H.M. the King and many private collectors, and by the British Museum, the Bodleian Library and the University Library, Cambridge, are nearly all examples of original editions or of the authors' mss. "The Children's Corner" has been

arranged for young visitors, but the exhibits will interest all. "Reading Without Tears" continued to have a big sale, still in the original format, until 1940, when the stock of Longmans (by whom it had been taken over) was destroyed by bombs. Many of its stories—children's first introduction to imaginative literature—were of a terrifying and sadistic nature; and it is curious to recall that Mrs. Sherwood, author of many famous juvenile books, considered children to be "by nature evil."



THERE are few countries in the world to-day, outside the Iron Curtain, where less is generally known about events in proportion to their importance than about Indo-China. This is not due to excessive secrecy on the part of the French, though it would be in their own interest to reveal more than they do. Their caution would seem to be a relic of the very ugly times through which they have passed, when there was no good news to retail and information about their plight would have been dangerous as well as humiliating. Heavy as is the task which lies before them, those bad days are over, at least for the time being. Perhaps the general mystification about events is largely due to the complexity of the political and military background, which brings it about that the ordinary reader of the Press does not understand what is written and gives up the task of elucidating the tangled story. So far as he has read the news of late, it has been that coming from the Red River Delta. He knows that there has been hard and fluctuating fighting there, lately very much to the advantage of the French and Vietnamese. Even then he probably does not realise that the Delta holding represents a triangle based on the sea, with the point recently resting—I am myself not sure where it rests to-day—somewhere near the junction of the Red and Black Rivers, and that this triangle is largely isolated from the rest.

Hanoi, however, is some 700 miles from Saigon. A large and thickly populated country lies to the south of the Delta, shaped somewhat like the head of a golf driver, with the section through Hanoi representing the socket. It is divided into a number of States with different histories, traditions, relations with the Central Government, attitudes towards it, and rivalries between each other. Throughout this extensive territory there has been fighting from time to time, but never on a scale approximating to that of the north. In consequence, the scars of warfare are not nearly so prevalent or terrible as in the north. The Delta is a scene of ruin, where the work of long years has been undone by shell and bomb and charge of high explosive, though it still supports a dense population of several millions, who can live if they can harvest their rice. It must be realised that over wide districts outside the Delta French, and even regular Vietnamese forces, are rarely to be seen. If law and order is to prevail it must be made to prevail by local endeavour, and until lately it was only in exceptional cases that the Central Government had been in a position to direct and control this endeavour.

Added to this difficulty is another, which must be honestly faced, that before the coming of General de Lattre de Tassigny a large proportion of Viet-Nam was lukewarm. Some who were far from being Communists looked upon Ho Chi-minh, the Communist leader, in the rôle of nationalist patriot, a rôle which he has played with considerable skill. A greater number were merely doubtful and apathetic. If Communism were going to win, as looked probable, it would be unwise to have an anti-Communist record. There was a tendency to regard the Emperor Bao Dai as a puppet of the French, though the



ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE FIGURES OF VIET-NAM'S STRUGGLE AGAINST COMMUNISM: COLONEL LEROY, THE SON OF A FRENCH FATHER AND AN ANNAMITE MOTHER, WHO RAISED A FORCE OF OVER 4000 MEN AND WHO HAS BEEN OUTSTANDINGLY SUCCESSFUL IN PACIFYING THE PROVINCE OF BENTRE, IN SOUTHERN COCHIN-CHINA.

French who know the country smile wryly at the suggestion. Worse still, there was a tendency to distrust French sincerity in the task of guiding Viet-Nam along its path towards independence. There can be little doubt of French sincerity in this respect to-day, but, at the same time, no doubt at all that, if the French forces were to be removed, the Communist forces of Vietminh would eventually overrun the whole country and impose what would be to the great majority of its inhabitants a harsh tyranny.

I have spoken of the recent inability of the Central Government to organise law and order through gendarmerie or police. As a result, groups and communities in districts out of the main current of the civil war attempted the organisation themselves. Groups and communities formed local forces to protect their districts from outrage and terrorism, which were particularly prevalent by night. They procured arms of one sort or another and learned to use them. The large majority of these communal forces were opposed to Vietminh, but not all. Where they were Catholic, and Catholicism is powerful, they were so almost universally, though Vietminh did originally claim a

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. BEYOND THE RED RIVER DELTA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

certain number of Catholic adherents. In some cases dignitaries of the Church took the lead. Monsignor Le Huu-tu, Bishop of Phat Dien, is, the correspondent of *The Times* informs us, probably the only Catholic bishop, apart from the Pope, who possesses a private army, and his is stronger than that of the Vatican, amounting to seven battalions. Other private armies of equivalent strength were created, even though under less august leadership. (Bishops have, as is well known, played a notable part in war, but the last effective Bishop-General I can recall is the Confederate Lieut.-General Leonidas Polk, of the American Civil War, who was killed in the Atlanta campaign; but he was a graduate of West Point as well as Bishop of Louisiana.)

One of the most remarkable figures in this movement is Colonel Leroy, son of a French father and an



PARTISANS OF THE HOA HAO SECT, PARADED AT THOT NOT IN AUGUST 1950, WHEN THEIR ALLEGIANCE IN THE STRUGGLE AGAINST COMMUNISM WAS AFFIRMED AND THEIR POSITION REGULARISED BY GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY'S REPRESENTATIVE, GENERAL CHANSON.

In his article on this page, Captain Falls discusses the situation inside Indo-China or Viet-Nam, to give it its correct name under the new constitution; and he mentions the various groups which came into being to resist terrorism in various districts. He mentions the mainly Christian forces of Colonel Leroy, in Cochinchina, and the private army of the Bishop of Phat Dien. Catholic forces are strong in Annam (or Central Viet-Nam) and we give a picture of some of their troops. Other very strong religious and political groups are the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai. The Hoa Hao are a fairly recent sect, developing from Buddhism. Their spiritual leader was Huynh Phu So, who was killed by the Communists and has been succeeded by his father, Huynh Cong Bo; their military leader is Tran Van Soai. Cao Dai was founded in 1926 and its adherents number 1,000,000. It is a blend of Buddhism, Taoism and Confucianism, with certain Christian elements. Its spiritual leader, or "Pope," is Ho Phap and the leader of its army of about 20,000 is Tran Quang Vinh.

Annamite mother. He was formerly a lieutenant in a French colonial unit and his promotion appears to have been promulgated by himself in the first instance, though he now holds the acting rank of colonel from outside sources. He has raised a force of over 4000 men, who are, I believe, all Catholics, for the most part in the province of Bentre, of which he is now chief, in Southern Cochinchina. Most, if not all, his force consists of former adherents of Vietminh. It is now transferred to the Vietnamese Army. He has been outstandingly successful in the pacification of his region. Before the end of last year he had founded schools of military instruction. Yet the movement is by no means all Christian. In Cochinchina, along the banks of the Mekong, and bordering on Bentre, are to be found Hoa Hao, a religious and political sect founded only some ten years ago by a bonze named Huynh Phu So, who was assassinated in 1947 by the Vietminh. Their original territory was the provinces of Chau Doc and Long Xuyen, but they have since spread down river and extended their influence into five other provinces. Their basic organisation is semi-military.

After the murder of their founder, the greater part of the Hoa Hao, under the leadership of General Tran Van Soai, banded themselves together to resist Vietminh. A few months later they entered into alliance with the Government, to which they rendered invaluable service. Some groups, however, remained outside and continued to be dissidents, but after the agreement of March 8 last year began one by one to come in. On August 25, 1950, there took place at Thot Not, in the Province of Long Xuyen, a ceremony attended by the acting Governor of Southern Viet-Nam, representing H.M. Bao Dai, by General Chanson, General Tran Van Soai, and other military and political chiefs, French and Vietnamese. On this occasion a dissident group brought in 500 weapons, including mortars and light and heavy machine-guns. General Chanson handed back the arms—a step doubtless, the cynic will rightly proclaim, arranged beforehand, but not, on reflection, any the less impressive for that—and promised the aid of the Franco-Vietnamese forces in securing law and quietude in the region. It is worth while to note that, though this event and others of a similar character took place after the agreement of

March 8, they took place before the reorganisation of the defence by General de Lattre. And, though Cochinchina has not been a main centre of rebel activity, it has been the scene of serious disturbances, up to the gates—even in the streets—of Saigon. Incidents such as these appear to be significant.

There can be no doubt that Ho Chi-minh gained in physical strength from the support of the Chinese Mao Tse-Tung, but it is not so clear that he has gained in moral authority. Though he himself was a dyed-in-the-wool Communist, he appointed some ministers and officials who did not outwardly profess that political creed. He did his utmost, as have his admirers in this country, to give his campaign a patriotic colour, and succeeded in making many people, including a number of prominent Americans, believe that his Government was nationalist first and Communist only second. It is doubtful whether any sincere Communist puts Communism second; but that is not the point. Ho Chi-minh must by now be finding it harder to keep up this pretence, which, indeed, seems to be dropping out of the propaganda circulated on his behalf. If I am right in this view, Chinese Communism has thus not been altogether to the disadvantage of the French and their Vietnamese allies. A greater element of fortune, which, unhappily, they cannot regard as permanent, has been the distraction of Communist China by the Korean war, which has absorbed its military resources and manpower, and which, under the latest arrangements for embargo and blockade, must affect adversely its industry and trade. Here, as I have suggested, the situation may alter.

A bad settlement in Korea, which permitted the Chinese Communists to turn their attention to Tongking, without other preoccupations on a large scale, might be as unfortunate for Viet-Nam as it would be for Hong Kong. I say a bad settlement, but even if there were to be one which appeared satisfactory, it would not be easy to ensure that the Chinese did not greatly increase their aid to Ho Chi-minh. What goes on along that border is, as the French found out many years ago, nobody's business but that of the actors. In 1884 the French, in view of attacks upon their troops in Tongking by Chinese soldiers, disowned but uncontrolled by the Chinese Government, saw no remedy in the long run other than that of taking drastic naval action against China herself. In those days, however, there was no risk that such action would precipitate a world war; nor was there in existence the Asiatic solidarity which has appeared since the Second World War. Nothing in General MacArthur's statements since his return to the United States has been



ANNAMITE CATHOLIC PARTISANS, WHO WEAR ON THE RIGHT BREAST THE SYMBOL OF THE CROSS. FORMERLY ATTACHED TO VIETMINH, BEFORE THIS MOVEMENT DISCLOSED ITS PURELY COMMUNIST INTENTIONS, BUT NOW FIRMLY ATTACHED TO THE VIET-NAM GOVERNMENT.

more inopportune or reckless than his suggestion that the forces of Chiang Kai-shek might be employed in Indo-China. This would probably ruin the whole French-Vietnamese policy.

I cannot pretend to prophesy how affairs in Indo-China will develop, because they might at any time be dominated by events outside the country. I consider, however, that French persistence, in face of discouragement from abroad and from sections of the French Government itself, has already justified itself. It has proved to the satisfaction of unprejudiced observers that there does exist in Indo-China opposition to Communism on the part of the majority of the population. I am well aware of the factor of world strategy in the situation, and of the fact that Indo-China is in some respects an anti-Communist outpost. This does not alter the fact that many inhabitants of Viet-Nam have of their own free will and accord swung over from indifference and inactivity to active and even enthusiastic action against Communism largely imposed from outside. French arms could not have accomplished what they have accomplished this year without solid support from the inhabitants of a country which has been plausibly represented as struggling desperately to free itself from French dominion.





(ABOVE.) THE AMAZONS OF INDO-CHINA: WOMEN SOLDIERS OF THE HOA HAO SECT IN COCHIN-CHINA, ARMED WITH SWORDS, PIKES AND HALBERDS, MARCHING WITH THEIR BANNERS.



*Continued.*  
name of Amitabha. The Hoa Hao sect has grown rapidly and its adherents are to be found especially in the provinces of Southern Viet-Nam. Since March, 1948, Hoa Hao has rallied to the cause of the Emperor Bao Dai, and has joined battle with the Communist forces of Viet-minh. Its leader, Huynh Phu So, was carried off by the Communists and is assumed to have been assassinated, and the spiritual leadership has devolved on his father, Huynh Cong Bo. The military forces of Hoa Hao comprise sixty "dai doi" and three "commandos"—in all, about 20,000 troops of both sexes, about 3000 of whom have modern arms. Their commanding officer is Tran Van Soai, who is also known as Nam Lua. The women soldiers, the Amazons of Hoa Hao, of whom we show some photographs, are no mere gesture of patriotism and solidarity. They have been in action a number of times and are rightly feared by the Communists for their courage and fanaticism.

(ABOVE.) FANATICAL OPPONENTS OF COMMUNISM: TYPICAL MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S FIGHTING FORCES OF THE HOA HAO SECT. THEY HAVE SEEN ACTION ON MANY OCCASIONS.

IN his article, "A Window on the World," in this issue, Captain Falls discusses the situation in Viet-Nam and some of the racial, political and religious groups which have now combined against Communism. He mentions among them the Hoa Hao. This is a religious sect of very recent growth. It was created in 1939-40 by a native of South Viet-Nam (Cochin-China), called Huynh Phu So, who was born in the village of Hoa Hao—hence the name of the sect. He wrote a number of prayers and prophecies, and claimed to be able to heal the incurable; and his fame speedily grew. His object, it appeared, was to bring new life to Buddhism by the addition of the doctrine of Amidism, a movement of popular beliefs which has developed in China, and especially in Japan, under the

*(Continued on right.)*

(RIGHT.) THE AMAZONS OF HOA HAO TAKE THE OATH OF SERVICE. THE BELIEFS OF THIS SECT ARE BASED ON A REFORMED BUDDHISM, WITH THE ADDITION OF AMIDISM (SEE TEXT).



THE AMAZONS OF HOA HAO: WOMEN WARRIORS OF COCHIN-CHINA, WHOSE COURAGE THE COMMUNISTS RIGHTLY FEAR.





# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



BOOKS on garden-  
ing fall roughly  
—as far as I am  
concerned—into  
three classes. There  
are utility books,  
works of reference,  
to which one turns  
for instruction, or in

order to identify some newly-acquired plant. There are books that one reads for pleasure or for inspiration—bedside companions, as often as not. Lastly, there is a vast, turbid ocean of books which need never have been written, which one should never have bought, and which should be ruthlessly weeded from one's shelves, and put back into circulation. The question of what to do with the bad books that one weeds out is sometimes difficult. Should one put them back into circulation? Would it not be fairer and more moral to strangle them at birth, so to speak? Fortunately, few garden books are so completely bad as to deserve that, and few so bad that they would not give pleasure to someone, or extract a shilling or two from some second-hand bookseller—shillings which could contribute to the buying of books that one knows to be worth while. To-day, the production of garden books is in full spate, and the demand for them seems to be inexhaustible. Not long ago I picked up a new book on rock-gardening in a bookshop. It had an unusually ambitious and comprehensive title. I opened it at random, and found myself in the alphabetical list of recommended Alpine plants. On the very first page that I examined there were no fewer than seventeen plant names wrongly spelt. Hopelessly wrong. I was able to guess what most of them were meant for, but two or three were so completely haywire that they made no sort of sense at all. They were like those fortuitous assortments of letters that are apt to occur when a crossword puzzle goes off the rails.

It was the worst example of a bad book that I ever came across: so bad that had it come to me by gift or other misadventure I should have felt it my duty to take it to the compost heap. But lest I should be thought too arrogant in this matter of bad—or at any rate mildly bad—garden books, let me add that, whenever I have dipped or waded into them, I have seldom failed to find something of interest, some sort of food for thought.

In this, garden books are rather like gardens themselves. Seldom have I visited a garden so dull and dreary, or so monstrously wrong-headed that I could not find some plant or some feature to arouse my admiration or interest, or to cause inward sympathy—or laughter. It's the same with nurseries. I positively like poking round little old nurseries, derelict, and on their very last legs, for there, amid the weeds, or in the tumbledown greenhouses, more gaps than glass, lost, forgotten treasure is often to be found. In just such a nursery in an unlikely part of Yorkshire I once discovered the finest purple pansy that I ever saw. It was an unnamed seedling, and probably a self-sown volunteer at that. I bought it, and named it, most appropriately, "Purple Emperor," and then, a year later, a wireworm destroyed it. Two years later I returned to the little nursery hoping to find more "Purple Emperors." Alas, the owner had died, and the ground had been built over.

But to return from gardens and nurseries to garden books, and especially those dealing with flowers. Often I am asked by beginners what book they should buy. My answer is always the same. William Robinson's "English Flower Garden," for this surely is the flower-gardener's Bible. My own copy is the Seventh Edition, published in 1899, and is inscribed with my name and the date—1900. New editions appear from time to time, but personally I prefer the

## GARDENERS' BOOKS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

older editions, with their exquisite wood engravings; and copies of these may often be picked up in second-hand bookshops for a few shillings. The book is divided into two sections. The first half consists of chapters, written by Robinson himself, in which he expounds his views and theories on the layout and the planting of the garden. There are such headings as "Art in Relation to Flower-gardening and Garden

Robinson was a successful journalist. He founded, among other journals, *The Garden and Gardening Illustrated*, and must have made a great deal of money. He bought Gravetye Manor, in Sussex, improved the house, and developed the beautiful garden and estate. Above all, he was a fighting crusader against the expensive, artificial and garish bedding out that obtained in his early days—what might be called Crystal Palace ideals. He preached and fought for the more picturesque and naturalistic forms of gardening. He did more than any other man to give us the pleasanter ways of growing and grouping hardy plants that are now practised. Like so many stout fighters, he was bigoted, and some of his teachings lacked complete wisdom and balance. On the whole, however, he influenced British gardening very greatly for the better. I expect that I read some, at any rate, of the first portion of his "English Flower Garden" when I was very young. To-day, try as I will, I just cannot read him. It's like bad Ruskin. But if you can stomach that, he is probably worth reading through, though his teaching is now so well established that it is less necessary than it was fifty years ago.

The second half of the book is very different. The bulk of it was written by the greatest experts of their day on the plants they described. Among a list of ninety contributors, such names as the following occur: Peter Barr, W. J. Bean, Henri Correvon, James Douglas, Canon Ellacombe, Henry Elwes, the Rev. F. W. Horner, Gertrude Jekyll, Andrew Kingsmill, Sir Edmund Loder, Sir Frederick Moore, Maurice de Vilmorin, W. Watson of Kew and Ellen Willmott. With the exception of Miss Jekyll, I knew all of these—and many others in the list—and I knew Robinson very well indeed. There were giants in those days, but I don't say that to suggest that there are no giants in our gardens to-day. Believe me, there are lots of them, big ones.

Gertrude Jekyll was probably almost as great a giant as Robinson himself, and had almost as great an influence for good on English gardening. Although, greatly to my regret, I never knew her, at least I have a photograph, given to me by the late William Nicholson, of the painting that he made of her gardening boots. Her portrait by him is in the Tate Gallery, and I'm not sure that the boots are not there too. For many years "The English Flower Garden" was my Bible and my inspiration. Then for a spell I somehow came to feel that I had grown out of it. I began to rely upon more specialised books. Recently, however, I have found myself referring more and more to the second portion of "Robinson," and have found the information extraordinarily sound and helpful. I have written so much—and yet so little—about "The

English Flower Garden" that I can refer only briefly to Reginald Farrer's "English Rock Garden." Robinson was a bad, an ugly writer. Farrer, on the other hand, too often wrote too well. "The English Rock Garden," in two volumes, is a very fine and valuable text-book which every serious rock-gardener should possess. Many of the detailed descriptions of plants and groups of plants are accurate and helpful. If you want to distinguish between the four Alpine gentians—*verna*, *bavarica*, *imbricata* and *brachyphylla*—or between the *Soldanellas alpina*, *pusilla* and *montana*, Farrer is a store guide. Too often, however, his descriptions of his favourite Alpines become so heady that one cannot see the plant for the purple patches. Nevertheless, I can honestly say: Farrer, for all thy purple I read thee still—and quite often find what I want.

"Gardeners' Books" must run on to another article, or maybe two.



"HE DID MORE THAN ANY OTHER MAN TO GIVE US THE PLEASANTER WAYS OF GROWING AND GROUPING HARDY PLANTS": WILLIAM ROBINSON (1838-1935), THE AUTHOR OF MANY GREAT GARDENING BOOKS AND THE FOUNDER OF THREE GARDENING JOURNALS.

William Robinson had been for so long the Grand Old Man of English Gardening—he was within two months of his ninety-seventh birthday when he died—that one naturally thinks of him as an old man. Our portrait, however, shows him in his prime—in early middle age—and it is reproduced from a contemporary oil-painting by Carolus Durand. This portrait is one of the illustrations of a forthcoming biography of William Robinson, which is being written by Mr. Michael Haworth-Booth, and published by Constable, Ltd. It is here reproduced by courtesy of the author and the publishers.

Design," "Flowering Trees and Shrubs and Their Artistic Use," "Summer Garden Beautiful," "The Orchard Beautiful," etc. The second half of the book is an alphabetical list of the best flowers, flowering shrubs and trees, evergreens and hardy ferns for the open-air flower-garden, with directions for their cultivation and the positions most suitable for them.

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THE REMNANT OF THE HEROIC GLOUCESTERS RECEIVE THE HIGHEST U.S. UNIT AWARD FOR AN ACTION OF EPIC COURAGE: THE SCENE AT THE PARADE WHEN LIEUT.-GENERAL VAN FLEET (ON DAIS, RIGHT) PRESENTED THE PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION TO THE SURVIVORS OF THE GLOUCESTERS AND THE 170TH INDEPENDENT MORTAR BATTERY, R.A.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PARADE AT WHICH THE U.S. PRESIDENTIAL UNIT CITATION WAS MADE TO THE GLOUCESTERS AND THE 170TH INDEPENDENT MORTAR BATTERY—BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL VAN FLEET, WHO MADE THE PRESENTATION.

#### A HISTORIC PARADE IN KOREA: SURVIVORS OF THE GLOUCESTERS AND AN R.A. BATTERY RECEIVE AMERICA'S HIGHEST UNIT AWARD.

In our last issue we reported briefly the presentation of the U.S. Presidential Unit Citation (the highest American unit decoration) to the survivors of the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, and the 170th Independent Mortar Battery, R.A., and we reproduced a radioed photograph of the scene of the presentation. We make no apology for returning to this great occasion and for printing a newly-arrived original photograph of a parade which did honour to all concerned. This parade took place on May 8 at the headquarters in Korea of the British Commonwealth 29th Brigade, and the troops were drawn up on three sides of a square before a dais. A guard of honour was mounted by The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers and pipers of The Royal Ulster Rifles played as the Brigade Commander, Brigadier Brodie, reported to the Army Commander, Lieut.-General Van Fleet. General Van Fleet stood on the dais, as our upper photograph shows, between the Stars and Stripes and his own Standard, held by U.S. military police. Behind waved the Union Flag and

the flags of Belgium and Luxembourg, whose troops are also in this brigade. The General said: "I have come to be in good company and to pay tribute to the wonderful British Commonwealth forces. I wanted to get better acquainted with you and pay tribute and give honour to your gallant stand. I know I am in great company. I am proud and honoured to be here." He spoke of the heroic three-day action at the Imjin River, in which they had suffered so heavily and said that it had stopped the Communist advance and that they had acted in keeping with the finest traditions of the British forces. The award was received on behalf of the Gloucesters by their new commander, Lieut.-Colonel Digby Grist, and on behalf of the 170th Independent Mortar Battery, R.A., by Major T. Fisher-Hoch. The Brigade Commander also received a message from Lieut.-General Milburn, Commander of I Corps, in which he commended the Brigade for gallantry in action. "We are all proud of you," he said: "American G.I.s right across the Korean front are giving unstinted praise to the 29th and 27th Brigades."



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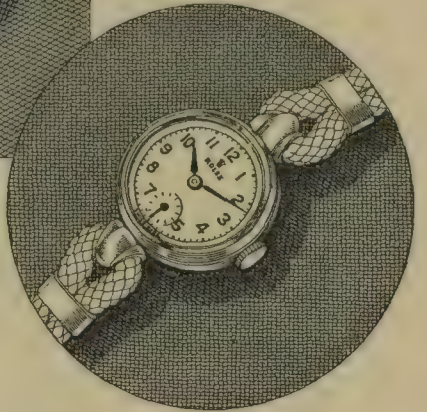
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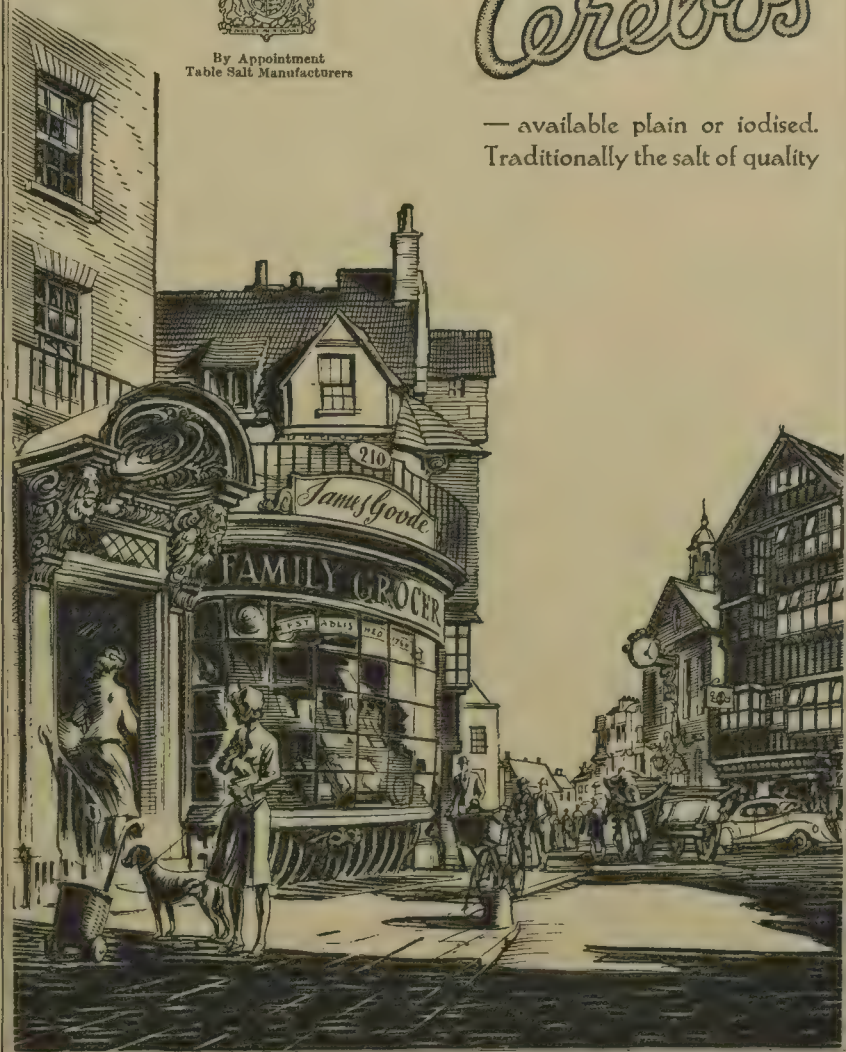
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## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

FAR from being naturally drawn to gloom in fiction, or to moral bleakness, I have to check a prejudice the other way, which at the moment is extremely unfashionable. This week I had expected to be in the swim. I gathered that "The Age of Longing," by Arthur Koestler (Collins; 12s. 6d.), though soaked in gloom, was having rather a cool Press; so it appeared that frankness and conformity might go together. But no such thing; I don't know when I have been so absorbed, or in a sense enjoyed a book more. Admittedly it lacks the fearful grip of *Darkness at Noon*, but no one could call that enjoyable. This book, with equal brilliance and humanity, has entertainment value of a high order. Surely the tepid critics must be hard to please.

Yet a résumé might be thought to justify them. We are in Paris, on the eve of Ragnarok: that is, according to the root-assumption, any minute now. Europe is going to die, and "if you sit in the condemned cell, the only person of real interest to you is the executioner." So all the characters give nearly all their time to a discussion of the "Free Commonwealth." In any case, they are a group of intellectual derelicts, with time on their hands: exiles and refugees, "apostates"—as they love to call themselves—of more than one school, converts and fellow-travellers of different shades—a helpless lot, gyrating in a moral vacuum. They cry for "something to believe," meaning infallible authority on every subject, and demand the Kingdom of Heaven; and if these modest wishes are not satisfied, assume that life is a blank. Hence the fell magic of the Commonwealth, and its approaching victory; and hence the guilt-obsession of the "fallen angels"—those who have walked out.

All this may well sound dreary, and I think the axioms are all wrong. These waifs and strays don't stand for "the resistance of the West," nor is their craving for authority its normal temper. Most of us don't expect, or yearn, to be presented with the "whole truth," or feel that life should be an earthly paradise. That is, of course, the goal, but what we actually expect is one damn thing after another. Whereas these "fallen angels" are like drunkards used to raw alcohol; they have destroyed their taste for anything more wholesome. And so the moral is really not to "hope for a mutation," but to lay off the Absolute.

Yet, leaving basic theories aside, it is a brilliant, sympathetic and enthralling work. It is so packed with intellectual comedy that I should like to quote on and on. And though the characters exist for their ideas, and more specifically for their view of Communism, they have real life, real personality and pathos. For all its black despair, it is a warm book. The nonsense coruscates with plausibility; the nightmare is full of heart. Of course if one agreed, or even half-agreed with the assumptions, it would get one down, but there seems little danger over here. For good or evil, we are not absolutists.

"Beetle's Career," by Ronald Fraser (Cape; 8s. 6d.), is rather shocking as a contrast, and a trifle shocking in its own right. And that can only mean that it is not quite good enough. For even world-disaster can be treated airily, and solved by whimsy, if the writer takes one along. Beetle, the "hero," is an uncouth, ugly little clod, with an acute brain. Nobody likes him, everyone is rude to him. At school he has one friend, the calm and graceful Otho, who dislikes no one—for he is booked to be a priest and mystic.

So Beetle grows up without charm. He has no mind nor culture, but he is a genius in his own sphere: of course, the "wavy," or atomic sphere. And in due time he can oblige the country with a secret weapon, of untold destructiveness. This brings him wealth and honour, and delicious power—since he reserves a pocket pistol for his own uses. But he has also learnt to photograph the soul, and been severely shaken, for he looks frightful. Indeed, his vanity can't bear it. So, with encouragement from Otho, an angelic shape, he starts to tinker. Conscience evolves; and the world-menace is dispersed in a prodigious firework-show.

My sympathies were all for Beetle even in his crude state, which, as he is the only character, was just as well. There seemed no harm in him but intellectual bumptiousness, the hall-mark of clever boys; and so his later antics with the pocket weapon had my full approval. It is a cultured, stylish little fantasy, profuse in flourishes, but most attractive at its least grave.

"Red Cloak Flying," by Margaret Widdemer (Home and Van Thal; 12s. 6d.), is an American romance, going slightly farther back than usual, to beyond the deluge—that is to say, the Revolution. It starts in Cumberland, just after the '45. Young Geoffrey Tynedale has a wicked mother, and an Irish sweetheart called Rosamond, whose ruined father is the village dominie. The two young people are engaged, but they have kept it dark. And Geoffrey's mother also has a secret; she has gamed away his whole fortune. So, what with one thing and another, after plots and snares, a witch-hunt and a Fleet marriage, Geoffrey and his bride are driven to the New World. Their sole acquaintance in it is a young Highland chief whom Geoffrey saved after Culloden, and who, in turn, saves Rosamond from yet another witch-hunt. However, Geoffrey doesn't like America; he wants to go home. This is a black mark, and happiness is not permitted till he sees the light. The story is well documented, scattered with celebrities and entertaining in a mild way.

"Even in the Best Families," by Rex Stout (Collins; 8s. 6d.), presents the long-awaited duel between fat Nero, the supreme detective, and his Moriarty, king of the underworld. Nero has always said that if it came to battle, he would vanish into thin air. Now the neurotic Mrs. Rackham gives him a job, and Arnold Zeck instructs him to lay off. So he does vanish—from his abode, his practice, and the faithful Archie, who is not at all pleased, but, using judgment, sets up on his own. Nero's off-stage exertions are superb and painful, but the showdown is rather flat. However, Archie keeps one thoroughly alive, as usual, and shows a great capacity to hold the stage by himself.

## CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HOW does the chess of to-day compare with that of the past? Cheltenham, Leamington and Birmingham are jointly staging a tournament to commemorate the centenary of the first international tournament ever held. A new book has just appeared, "Chess From Morphy to Botvinnik," which devotes more attention to old games than any other I have seen for years. The question is highly topical.

Are the players' brains better than a century ago? Some rabid eugenis, comparing our haphazard mating with the care with which we breed horses, dogs and even flowers and vegetables, hold that, in this respect, we are busily progressing backwards. But centuries are mere minutes in the story of evolution.

## A FORTUNE FROM CHESS.

Are better brains attracted to chess? Do the rewards attract cleverer people? It is hard to say. Chess has from time to time attained considerable prestige. Paolo Boi is said to have amassed from chess, in Renaissance Italy, some 30,000 crowns in ten years—a princely fortune in those days—but to achieve this he had to be supremely gifted as negotiator, administrator, showman, linguist, publicity expert and a dozen other things besides. More chess is organised nowadays, so that there is keener competition inside it; but then, chess itself has to compete with a thousand counter-distractions which did not exist in Boi's times.

## AN ENCOUNTER 120 YEARS AGO.

The development of chess technique distorts all comparisons. Our predecessors' ignorance of principles established since their day often makes their play appear the chess of children. Look at this encounter of 120 years ago between the two best players in the world:

LABOUR- DONNAIS	MACDONNELL	LABOUR- DONNAIS	MACDONNELL
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	3. Kt-QB3	P-KB4
2. P-QB4	P×P		

Practically every move by MacDonnell throughout this game would make a modern amateur wince. He does not realise that a backward pawn is a weakness or that there is any urgency in getting the pieces (as distinct from the pawns) into play, or that it is disadvantageous to be prevented from castling...

4. P-K3	P-K3	9. P×P	P×P
5. B×P	P-B3	10. Castles	P-R5
6. Kt-B3	B-Q3	11. B×Kt	R×B
7. P-K4	P-QKt4	12. B-Kt5	Q-B2
8. B-Kt3	P-QR4	13. Q-K2ch	K-B1

...or even that you should not unnecessarily waste moves!

White threatened Kt×KtP. Black has managed to get only two pieces into play, whereas his opponent has six. Yet he still persists in wasting time on pawn moves!

16. P-Q5	P-KR3	20. Kt-K5ch	K-B3
17. P×P	Q-R3	21. Q-R5	P-Kt3
18. Kt×KtP	P×B	22. Q-R7	B-K3
19. Kt×Bch	K-Kt3	23. Kt×KtP!	

Here the past revenges itself a little on the present. Commenting on this old game a year or two ago, a prominent French writer remarked: "If 23... R×Kt; 24. R×Ktch followed by mate in two moves," completely overlooking a mate in one. Do you see it? 23... R×Kt; 24...?

24. R×Kt!	Q-Q6	25. Kt×P	25. Q-K7ch?
		Overlooking 25. R×Bch, K×R; 27. Q-B7 mate.	
26. R×Bch	K×Kt	28. R-B4ch!	P-B5
27. Q-KR7ch	K-R4	29. P-R3ch	Q×P
	K-Kt5	30. Q×Q mate.	

book, but it is eminently readable and makes one wish, in contemplating that most fascinating of Middle Eastern countries, that the internal-combustion engine had never been invented.

I wish I could devote all of my space to "Chasing an Ancient Greek," by Douglas Young (Hollis and Carter; 12s. 6d.), which I have neglected for too long. It is not this remarkable Scot's pursuit from library to library throughout Europe of a neglected ancient poet which delights, so much as the lively, stimulating effervescent fun which he injects into every page. Mr. Young is a vigorous Scots nationalist, but he proves that it is possible to take a cause seriously without making both it and yourself a bore to others who do not share your opinions.

Finally, as a "Pakistani subject by birth" (at least, I think that is what I have become!), I recommend "Five Thousand Years of Pakistan," by R. E. M. Wheeler. This book, which is issued by the Royal India and Pakistan Society, has a strong propagandist flavour in parts, but it is none the less readable for that, and will provide a useful addition to the library of anyone interested in the history of those parts.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

AS a loyal contributor to *The Illustrated London News*, I feel I must begin my article this week with almost the only criticism I have to make of "The Year is 1851," by Patrick Howarth (Collins; 18s.). Of the making of many books on the Great Exhibition of 100 years ago there appears, rather naturally, in this Festival year, to be no end. This is undoubtedly one of the best, if not the best. But—and this is the criticism—might it not have been gracious to have included among the acknowledgments the fact that many of the excellent illustrations came, in fact, from *The Illustrated London News* of 1851? However, as I feel sure that Mr. Howarth's book will run into other editions, no doubt both he and his publishers will be remedying this omission later! Mr. Howarth describes his book as "an attempt to make history stand still in a particular year, much as a series of photographs will make it stand still." The year he chooses, 1851, was a year which astonished our ancestors as much as to-day it astonishes us, but, of course, for different reasons. To our grandfathers or great-grandfathers, it must have seemed almost incredible that a bare three years after they had sworn themselves in as special constables in the face of the threat of revolution embodied in Chartism (in a year when every throne in Europe was shaken and many overturned), they should have been attracting visitors from all over the world to observe the wealth, prosperity, stability and power of Britain as displayed in Hyde Park. It was a year when the self-confidence of the British was as great as to-day it is small. Free Trade had solved all economic problems. Mr. Punch could put a protectionist (should we to-day call him a believer in a closed economy?) in his "Museum of Extinct Races" along with a stage coachman. Freedom, our forbears felt, must broaden down from precedent to precedent. Progress must be an unending, uncheckable, admirable process. Here and there a Newman might suggest that "the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator." Or a Carlyle might flout and flout at the "Aristocracy of the Money-Bag—the basest yet known," and refer to the spiritual atmosphere of the age as a "whole baleful cunningly-compacted Universe of Cant." But these were lone and unpopular voices in the wilderness. Mr. Howarth, backing his conclusions with statistics from Mayhew's "London Life and the London Poor," draws attention, indeed, to the appalling conditions in which the new urban proletariat thrown up by the Industrial Revolution lived in the great cities. The picture he draws, however, of the social conditions of the age when the cost of living was falling to the benefit of the poor man, when oysters were four a penny, beer 1d. a pint and coal 18s. a ton, is admirably balanced. Indeed, that is the prevailing note of the book. Not the least interesting and balanced chapter in the book is that dealing with the character of the real moving spirit of the Great Exhibition—the Prince Consort.

Mr. Howarth quotes extensively from Palmerston. While it is true that in some respects the picture has changed little in the intervening century (Palmerston commenting on Middle Eastern affairs 100 years ago said "one must go by the general rules and believe that where Russian agents are employed there must be intrigue on foot"), it does not need the current dispute with Persia to underline the fact that since 1851 we have seen the rise, florescence and largely the fall of the British Empire and British influence in the East.

From the sad picture of what our rulers call the "modification" of our position, it is pleasant to turn to a most readable and scholarly book, "A Medical History of Persia and the Eastern Caliphate," by Cyril Elgood (Cambridge University Press; 50s.). This sounds like a book for specialists, but it is not. Finding, perhaps, that the subject by itself would scarcely fill so large a book, Dr. Elgood has, under its guise, given us a delightful history of Persia. The immense debt we owe to the Persian and Arabian practitioners and theorists of medicine through the centuries is well brought out, however. I have only one quarrel with Dr. Elgood. Referring to the unpropitious opening of the reign of the decadent al-Muqtadir, he mentions "the rare phenomenon of a heavy fall of snow and extreme cold in Bagdad." No one who has been in Bagdad in winter will accept the "rarity," and I believe I am right in saying that there is one distinguished frost-consult, Sir Bernard Bourdillon, who actually got frosted-bitten in Bagdad during one such intensely cold spell!

Persia is a country which never fails to exercise a spell even over those who see modern Teheran as a kind of smelly, dusty oriental Luton. Mr. Robert Payne, in "Journey to Persia" (Heinemann; 15s.), is an American who has been led captive like so many before him. He was invited to join a party of scholars and archaeologists on behalf of the Asia Institute of New York in 1949, and this book is the result. It is not a profound





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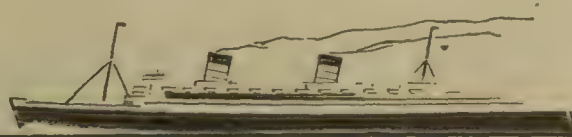
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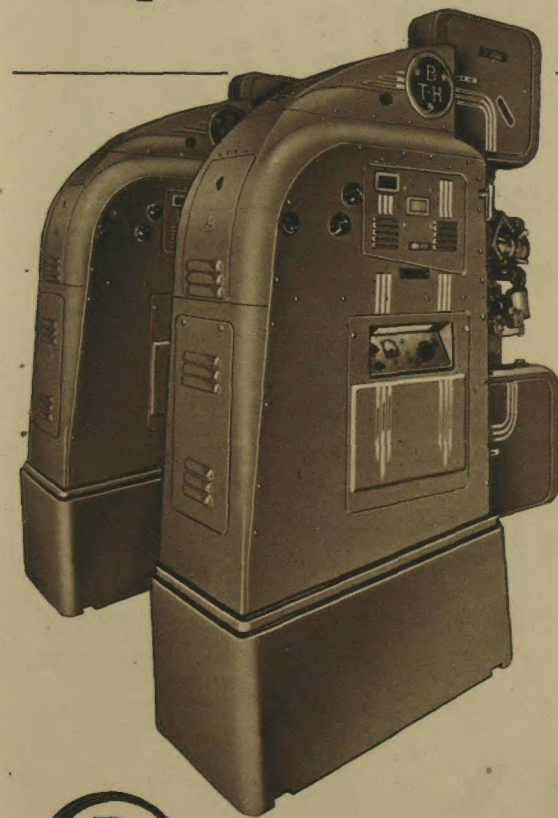


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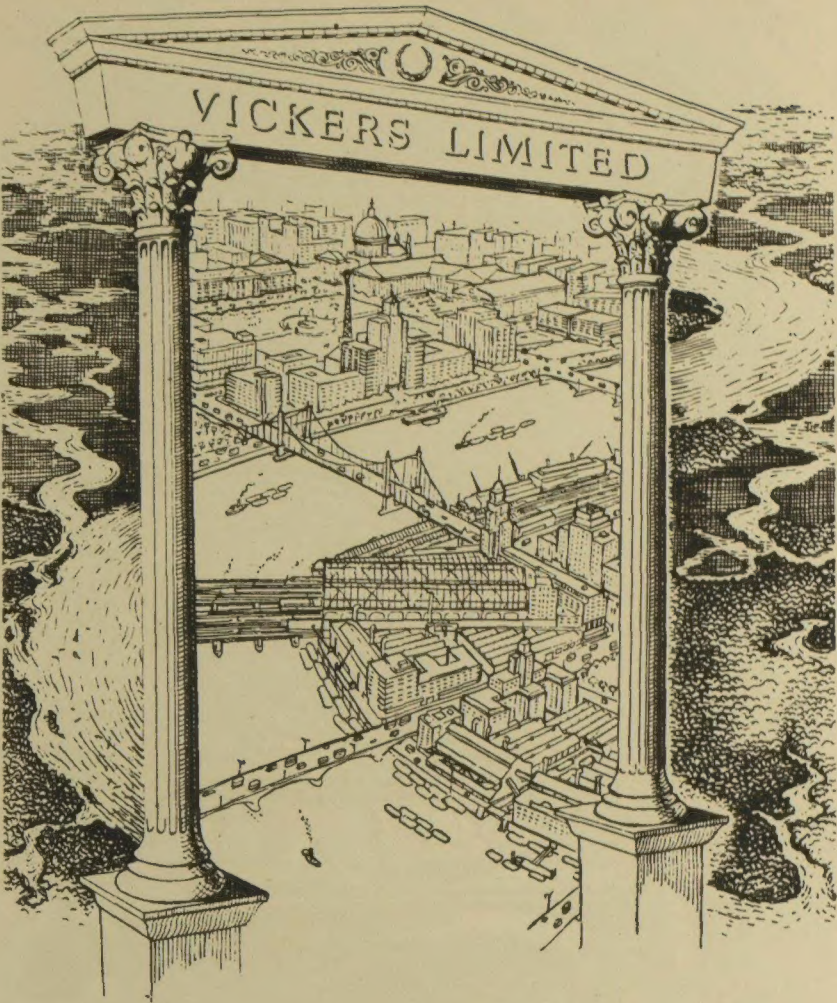


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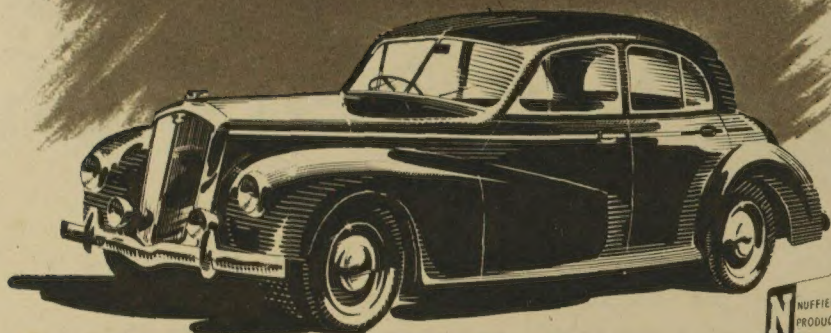
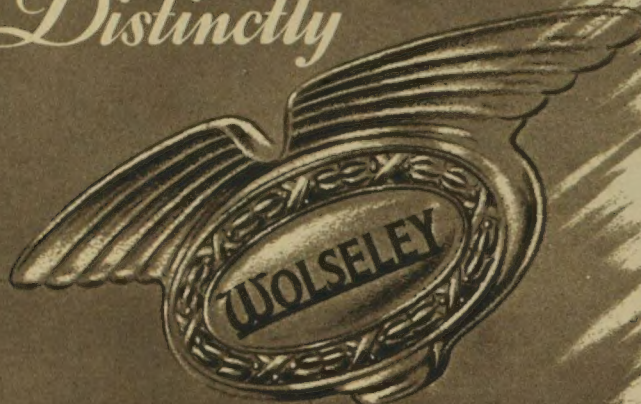


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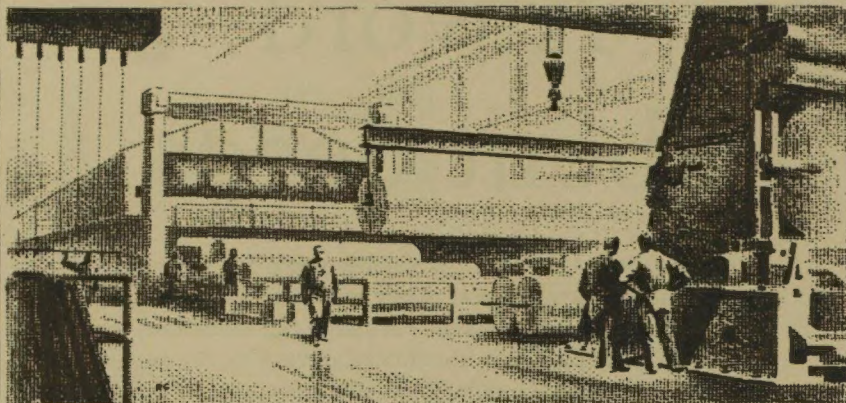
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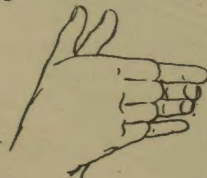
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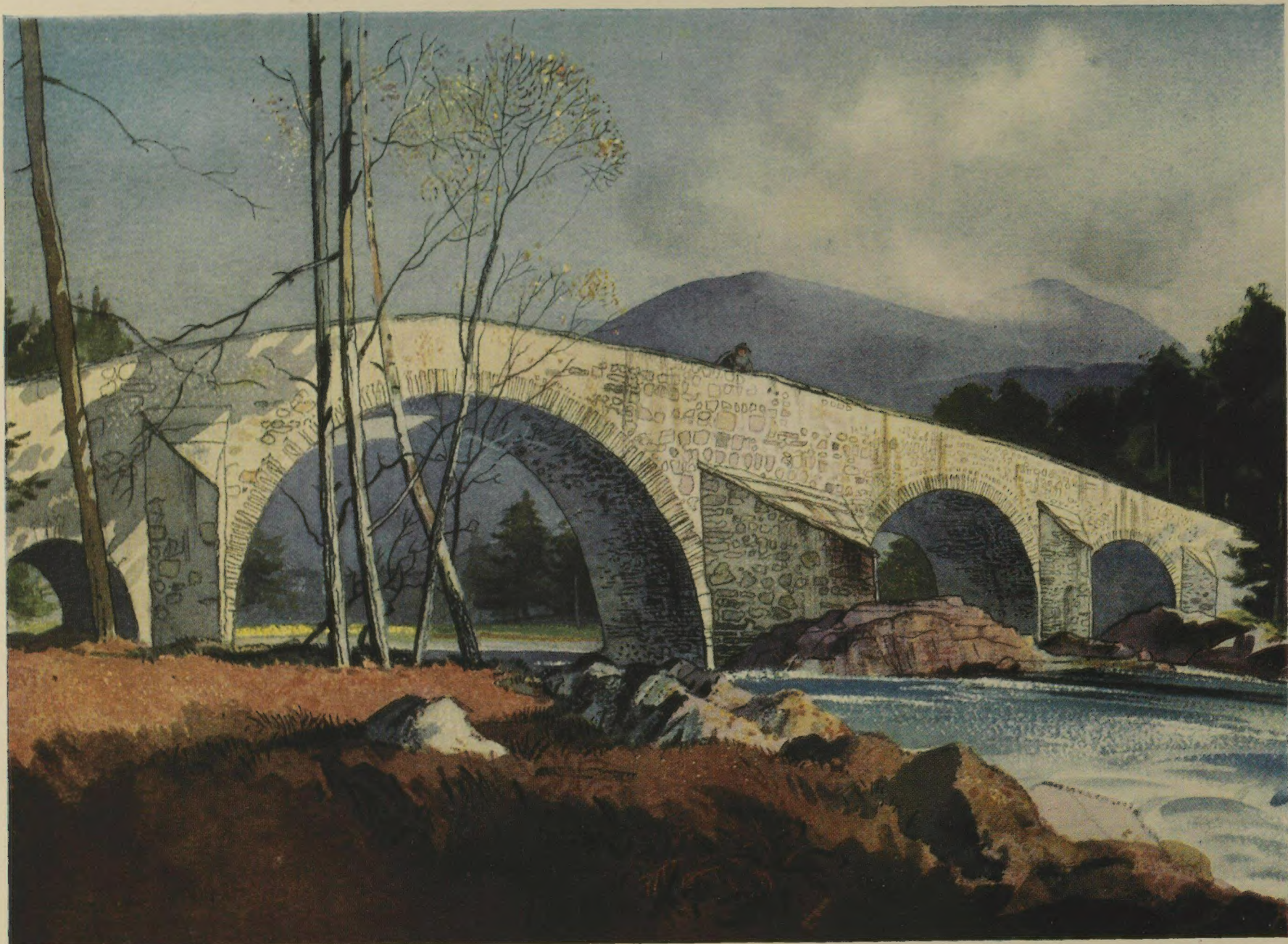
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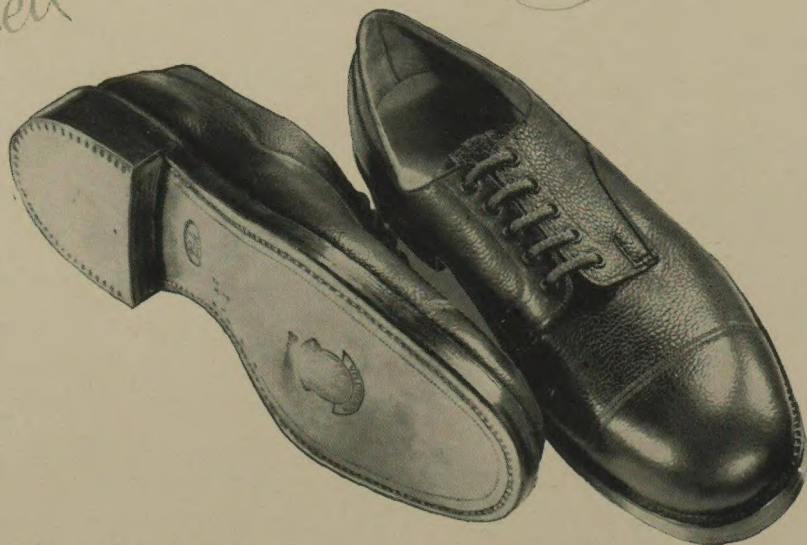
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